

A Non-Decadent Country Town, by Prof. G. H. Palmer of Harvard University
A Sermon at Northfield, by Rev. F. B. Meyer of London
A Chapter of Life in Turkey, by Dr. Cyrus Hamlin

Volume LXXXV

Number 34

THE CONGREGATIONALIST

Boston Thursday 23 August 1900



MARTHA

*Hot on the pavement burns the summer sun,
In the deep shadow of the ilex tree
The Master rests, while gathering one by one
The neighbors enter, crowding silently
To bear His words, which drop like boney-dew;
I may not bear, there is too much to do.*

*How can I pause? I seem the only one
To take a thought about this multitude
Who, the day past, and all the preaching done
Will need to be refreshed with wine and food;
We cannot send the people home unfed—
What words were those? "I am the living bread."*

*There is my sister sitting the day long
Close to His side, serene and free from care,
Helping me not, and surely it is wrong
To leave to me the task that she should share;
Master, rebuke her, just and true Thou art—
What do I bear? "She bath the better part."*

*If all chose thus then all would go unfed,
Souls hunger, yes! but bodies have their need,
Some one must grind and mix the daily bread,
Some one wake early that the rest may feed,
Some one bear burdens, face the summer sun—
But must I always, always be the one?*

*"Cumbered with serving," thus the Master spake,
But 'twas to serve Him that I worked so hard,
(And I would serve the year long for His sake).
I dare not take the rest which is reward
Lest He should suffer while I stay my hand—
How hard it is, how hard to understand!*

*What does a voice say? "He whose power divine
Could feed the thousands on the mountain-side
Needeth no fretting, puny aid like thine,
One thing is needful, trust Him to provide;
The Heavenly Chance comes once nor tarries long"—
Master, forgive me, teach me, I was wrong!*

*Written for The Congregationalist by
SUSAN COOLIDGE*



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the flag"; and politicians because they want offices in conquered lands in order to plunder them. If all this is true, we hope Democratic leaders are correct in saying that "the conscience of the nation is shocked." But we suspect that its conscience will be slow to respond to appeals from men of the Croker and Altgeld type. It is much more likely that the large majority of all political parties in this country are opposed to imperialism and militarism. This may account for the difficulty in arousing enthusiasm in politics at present. Sensible citizens feel foolish in waging a hot campaign against men of straw. Both parties appeal to the conscience of the nation, and the common faith that it exists as a controlling factor in politics ought to strengthen the courage and patriotism of every Christian.

but many in it owe him their happiness here and their hope of heaven. Fortunately, like Dr. Hamlin, he has written his own biography in the *Recollections of a Nonagenarian*, issued by the Pilgrim Press, and it is valuable both as a biography and a history. Those who have known him will remember gratefully with what serene trust and cheery enthusiasm he led the ranks of Christian workers. Only an optimist could have lived so long a life, loved to the end. Now his optimism has found full fruition.

Changes in Training Ministers

Marked and manifest changes in the direction of popular religious interest are evident to those who read or talk of religious life. Nice theological distinctions receive little attention. The transformation of individual character, the purifying of society and the Christianizing of nations are the objects most earnestly sought. Ministers, to be useful, must be prepared to lead along these lines. Auburn Theological Seminary in its announcements for the coming year shows that its directors are awake to the requirements of the present day for successful ministers. Rev. Dr. F. E. Clark will give four lectures on the Christian Nurture of the Young. Courses of instruction have been added to the curriculum, designed to inform the coming pastors in modern Sunday school methods and in various forms of young people's religious development. On missions courses of lectures are to be given by Prof. G. W. Knox, for many years a missionary to Japan, Rev. H. W. Brown of Mexico and Rev. A. A. Fulton of Canton, China. These gentlemen will speak of the peoples among whom they have labored and the problems presented in preaching the gospel in their fields. The seminary calls for \$300,000 to provide for immediate enlargement, and pledges have been received of \$10,000 of each \$100,000 that shall be given.

A Revival Movement
This gift of Wisdom was generously bestowed on Rev. Dr. J. C. Holbrook, whose record and death are chronicled elsewhere. His life covered nearly the whole of the nineteenth century, and for more than half of it as a Congregational minister he laid foundations of great value to the denomination and to the kingdom of God. He entered as a leader into the religious life of the nation from Maine to California. As a pioneer home missionary, pastor, editor, financial college agent, home missionary secretary and minister at large, he was everywhere welcome and everywhere aroused new interest and courage in the work he represented. This generation is mostly unconscious of its debt to him,

The Christian World

Fighting Men of Straw
The issues of the presidential campaign have taken on religious aspects which are unusual. Mr. McKinley, as might be expected of any Christian, has avowed his purpose to follow the guidance of God in the affairs of government. His opponents declare that his position is "a cowardly evasion of responsibility for deliberate acts by charging their inevitable consequences to the providence of God." The Democratic party has chosen to make its main contest against imperialism, which is the policy of conquering other nations for the sake of the spoils, and militarism, which is the policy of maintaining a large standing army for the success of imperialism. It is claimed that friends of missions support imperialism because they want to force the gospel of Christ on the Filipinos with "a gatling-gun attachment"; that merchants support it because "trade follows

Length of Days in Her Right Hand

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attitude of Christians in the present crisis, will diversify the program. Addresses have been arranged for from Prof. Graham Taylor, Rev. James M. Gray, Rev. Johnstone Myers, R. A. Torrey and several others. Prof. D. B. Towner will lead the singing of a chorus choir, extensive preparations having been made for the music. With assurances of success already coming to the promoters of the conference, there is reason to expect from it large results.

The Interworking of Events

The war in China has embarrassed the English government in an unlooked-for way. The sale of opium, which is a government monopoly, upon whose profits the Indian government largely depends, has almost ceased in China. The demand has practically stopped in Hong Kong and the price has gone down to a point which leaves no profit. No wonder the *Indian Messenger* says that "the wisest course for a civilized and Christian government like that of India would be to do away with it at any cost." But what a bitterly ironical association is that of the words "civilized and Christian" with a government that raises revenue by the sale of a drug like opium to China! "The bare mention of the word," says a Chinese medical missionary, "brings to mind such vivid pictures of woe—such fearful destruction of life, morals, self-respect, health and property, such wretchedness and destitution, such suffering and slavery—that the hand refuses to write and the heart grows sick at the thought. No words can describe the awful curse that has come upon China in opium."

A Gospel Ship

A new gospel ship has recently been put into commission for service in the Japan Inland Sea. Mrs. Allan, a Presbyterian of the family which maintains the Allan line of steamers, on a visit to Kobe became interested in the work of Rev. R. A. Thompson, representing the American Baptist Missionary Union at that important commercial center. Mr. Thompson's sympathies had been stirred by the needs of the Lin Chin Islands and of the sailors in the Inland Sea. Mrs. Allan, moved by his appealing story and contagious zeal, proposed to the Missionary Union to equip a ship to carry out his plans. Upon the death of Mrs. Allan, Mr. Robert S. Allan took up his mother's project and has brought it to a promising beginning in the equipping of the Fuknui Maru, or Ship of Good News. The captain is Mr. Luke W. Bickel, son of Dr. Philip Bickel, head of the Baptist Publication Society of Hamburg, Germany. Captain Bickel has served as an officer on British ships and as a London city missionary. In personal qualities and training he seems to possess ideal fitness for a marine mission. The simple forms of evangelistic work will be employed. Meetings will be held by the captain or by a Japanese evangelist on the beach in a tent or on the vessel's deck, sometimes run with the aid of a magic lantern. Special attention will be given to the large fishing population, to whom first aid will always be rendered in case of the accidents which are so frequent among them.

The Zionist Movement

A congress of Zionists has just been in session in London, the fourth in annual succession. The movement seems to have assumed importance enough to merit attention. There is some difference of opinion among its adherents, but they avow the general purpose of re-establishing the Jewish people in Palestine as its headquarters and principal home. Many and grave difficulties would have to be overcome, but some intelligent Jews regard the scheme as so practicable that they are ready to invest considerable money in promoting it. Should it ever be carried out, the resulting Jewish state in time might prove an important factor in the settlement of the increasingly serious problem of the complete civilization of Asia. One perplexity in connection with it arises from the apparent necessity at present that the proposed state must be subject to the authority of the Turkish sultan, a Mohammedan. But among the changes coming in the next century a radical one in the extent and degree of the sway of the sultan seems to be foreshadowed. Should the Zionist scheme be realized it might have significant consequences. In any case, if the Jewish race were to take it up in earnest, it would have the advantage of practically unlimited funds. But we see very little to encourage the expectation that an independent Jewish state will be established in Palestine.

A Christianized Hinduism

At present a revival of Hinduism is said to be in progress in India. But it is believed by some experienced observers that what really is going on is a gradual leavening of Hinduism by the spirit of Christianity. It is certain that noteworthy changes have become evident already which date from the beginning of the proclamation of the gospel. There is an impatience of social tyranny, an indignation at the wrongs of women, a growing protest against the immoral as an element of religion, a toleration of idolatry instead of loyal adherence to it, and a tendency to abandon polytheism. Many Hindus who illustrate this progressive and purer religious spirit are far from being Christians or from admitting that their change of view is due to the existence of Christianity side by side with their own faith. But unconsciously they are much under its influence, and the number of those who confess their debt to it increases steadily. It is not improbable that one of the early characteristics of the coming century will be a presentation of Christian truth in Hindu forms of expression, in which gradually the Christian element shall grow more pervasive and conspicuous until at last the Hindus shall have accepted the gospel in all its essentials.

Presbyterians in Manila

In our issue of Aug. 2, we spoke of the activity of Methodists in Manila. The Presbyterians are also doing good work there. They have a church with a membership of twenty-five, and have organized a Sunday school and a Christian Endeavor Society. The services are appreciated by the soldiers and sailors, who have been deprived of religious instruction through the dearth of chaplains in

the regiments. The Sunday school is necessarily a small one, for there are few English-speaking children in the island, but Christian Endeavor is already a success. There is a native church under the charge of Rev. James B. Rodgers. Some of its fifteen members are being trained as teachers. The Presbyterian as well as the Methodist missionaries comment on the eagerness with which the Bible is bought and read. "Safronio, do you read your Bible?" was asked of a candidate for church membership. "Yes, indeed," "an hour every day and a great deal on Sunday," was the unexpected response. In April a mission was opened in Iloilo. The work is carried on in English, Visayan and Chinese, in order to reach the different races represented there.

A Sabbatarian War

An odd story comes to us from the South Seas, through the columns of the *Northern Christian Advocate*, and we commend it to the careful attention of our friends who believe that the "decadence of the church" is due to the neglect of the Saturday Sabbath, as well as to our other friends who would like to abuse them for keeping their rest day on Saturday. The Christianized nations of Baratonga, as the story goes, were taught to observe the Christian rest day according to the usage of Europe. But the first missionaries were ignorant, or forgot, that, since the earth is a sphere, a day is lost in crossing the Pacific and that Baratonga is on that side of the imaginary line, which made the day they adopted Saturday, and not Sunday. The day was sacredly observed by the converts and their children, and when better-informed missionaries, at a later date, attempted to rectify the error, they opposed the change so bitterly that it resulted in a revolt, in which fifty Europeans were killed and the mission work completely demoralized. We hope the story is not true, for it is an impeachment of the common sense of the missionaries in charge. Imagine how the great missionary Paul of Tarsus would have treated such a question! But as an invention, a parable, a fable, it is delightful.

Government Tea Taverns

Intemperance is even more a curse in the Russian villages than it is in America or England. The life of the peasants is dull and monotonous and the Russian vodka, or whisky, is the cheapest and most accessible form of stimulant. One of the most interesting exhibits at the Paris Exposition is that of the Russian temperance movement, aided by the imperial government, which aims to supplant the fiery vodka by less dangerous drinks, while supplying the need of sociability, which is the strength of the drink habit everywhere. A model tea house, just as it exists in numberless Russian villages, shows how the work is done. It is a room fitted up with a "bar" at one end and a counter at the other for papers and periodicals, with bookcase against the wall; the ever-present Russian samovar, or huge brass tea-urn; and, in the middle, tables at which the tea or barley-brew (kvass) may be drunk at leisure over a game of dominoes or checkers. The price of tea, sugar, the slice of lemon indispensable in Russia, and a kettle of

boiling water is about two cents. In 1890 the government spent \$1,000,000 in support of these temperance taverns.

The London Missionary Society, the American Band

The London Missionary Society, the American Band's sister organization in England, fosters interest in its world-wide work through a unique organization known as the "Watchers' Band." Its aim is to enlist as many persons as possible in little companies to pray specifically for missions, circulate literature, establish libraries and in other ways keep themselves and others in close touch with the progress of Christianity in foreign fields. This organization does not make a great deal of stir, but for eight years it has carried on its modest but useful work and now there are no less than 742 branches, enrolling 34,000 members, a gain of 3,700 members during the last year. Most of these branches are scattered throughout England, but a number of missionaries in different fields are themselves enrolled. The best thing about the Band is that it is first of all a prayer union, being of such a private and personal nature that no meetings are really necessary in connection with it, but now and then, as at the season of the May anniversaries in London, members of the band spontaneously come together for conference and mutual encouragement. Certainly any movement like this which seeks to deepen the missionary zeal of the churches is sure to be owned of God and might, we believe, be taken up in certain of its features, at least in this country, and made to yield good results.

Current History

The Relief of Peking

The news for which Christendom had been patiently and eagerly waiting began to come in the form of rumors on the 17th, and on the 18th was confirmed by dispatches to the chief foreign governments telling of the entry of the allied forces into the city on the 15th, but not without overcoming stubborn resistance. The dispatches told of the safety of the long-besieged foreigners, diplomats, missionaries and marines, and the impression was conveyed that the entire city was in the hands of the allies, the empress dowager with the emperor and Prince Tuan being fugitives *en route* for Shansi province and the ancient capital of the empire, Hi-Sian. On the 19th, word came from Japanese sources that the empress dowager was still in the inner city, which inner sanctum sanctorum was being bombarded by the allies.

As we go to press on the 21st the situation seems to be this: the allies are in possession of the Tartar City with the legations; some of the imperial troops with anti-foreign leaders are still belligerent and are fighting off the allies, who are attacking them in the Imperial City; and the empress with Prince Tuan and the emperor are miles away in the interior fleeing to Shansi, where the capital will be set up and the resistance against the Occident maintained for some time to come. Of all the dramatic and thrilling incidents of the siege of the legations, and the con-

tests between the factions of the Chinese which have occurred since early in June, the world has yet to learn, the dispatches from Peking as yet being most meager and unsatisfactory.

Notwithstanding the chaotic condition of affairs in Peking, the refusal of the empress dowager and Prince Tuan to accept the reasonable conditions laid down previously by the United States as a condition of an armistice, and their determination to continue the conflict by transferring the seat of empire to the interior, Li Hung Chang has had the effrontery to ask the United States to name Minister Conger as mediator between China and the Powers, China being prepared to sue for peace. The United States will reply probably that when China acts as if she desired peace, or complies with conditions formerly laid down, then it will be time to talk of mediation.

The Fear of Partition

After a period of vacillation on the part of the British Ministry which has angered the British commercial class, word has gone forth finally that troops from India are to land at Shanghai, and they have disembarked. France is sending troops from Tonquin who are expected to do likewise, and Germany is preparing to follow suit. What effect this disregard of their protests will have upon the vice-roys of the southern provinces remains to be seen. It is clear that Great Britain does not intend to be without an armed force at the mouth of the Yangtse, and it is equally clear that the other Powers of Europe have no intention of letting her be the only Power to file a claim on the Yangtse valley. The United States will do nothing save re-enforce its naval strength at this important point. We would infinitely prefer seeing this great river basin remain open to the commerce of all nations, and we shall use all our efforts to bring this to pass through a wise reconstruction and protection of China as an empire. But if the process of partition begins, the Powers will find us neutral as they wrangle over the spoil.

Russia's seizure of Niu Chang in the north, and the reports from St. Petersburg relative to the confident terms in which the Russian press is now referring to the Russian title to Manchuria and all the territory to the south of the Amur, in which Russian and Chinese troops have been fighting and the Russians winning, indicate that while the attention of diplomats and the public naturally is centered on Peking, it would be well, perhaps, to keep an eye open to developments north and south—developments in which the British in the south and the Russian at the north are the chief actors and sinners.

Japan's Pride

Japan, by the loyal support her diplomats are giving Secretary Hay in his treatment of the Chinese government, by their proffer of Nagasaki as naval base for our use, and by their permission to our armed officials to erect a hospital on Japanese soil wherever it may seem best, is showing a spirit of fraternity and enlightened wisdom which will not be to her disadvantage in future years. Reports from Japan tell of the charming *naïveté* of the official reports from the Japanese com-

manders in the field in China. They are delighted that their prowess in war, their superb equipment in every arm of the service, their professional attainments are winning for them the recognition they deserve from the nations of the Occident; and their delight that such recognition has been granted ungrudgingly is greater than their delight in the victories won over the Chinese. Nor is this surprising. It is most natural.

The Indianapolis Conventions

The two gatherings in Indianapolis last week, at which opponents of the Administration discussed the political situation, were not generously attended. But the intensity of feeling on the part of the attendants made up for the lack of numbers. The faction led by Mr. John Jay Chapman, of which Hon. William Everett of Massachusetts and Dr. Emerson—a son of Ralph Waldo Emerson—are prominent adherents, met and adjourned without any nomination of candidates or formulation of platform. But the members of this faction are not more enamored of Mr. Bryan's heresies than they are of Mr. McKinley's, and later in the campaign they may make nominations which will afford a rallying center for the voters who oppose both "imperialism" and dishonest monetary standards. The difficulty is in getting men of sufficiently large caliber to stand as candidates.

The faction led by ex-Governor Boutwell and Hon. Moorfield Storey of Massachusetts, Hon. Carl Schurz of New York and E. Burritt Smith of Illinois, and of which Hon. Bourke Cochran is a distinguished member, had a larger and more successful conference than the nationalist faction. Addresses by Messrs. Boutwell, Storey and Smith and a weighty letter from Mr. Cochran, the reading of the Declaration of Independence and a spirited debate over the report of the committee on platform made it a conference full of feeling and significance. Without formally nominating Mr. Bryan the conference went as far as it could in that direction, leaders like Boutwell and Cochran early in the debate throwing their influence that way. The statement made to the American people contains the following sentences:

The policy of the President offers the inhabitants of Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines no hope of independence, no prospect of American citizenship, no constitutional protection, no representation in the Congress which taxes them. This is the government of men by arbitrary power without their consent: this is imperialism.

There is no room under the free flag of America for subjects. The President and Congress, who derive all their powers from the Constitution, can govern no man without regard to its limitations.

While we welcome any other method of opposing the re-election of Mr. McKinley, we advise direct support of Mr. Bryan as the most effective means of crushing imperialism.

They indicate as well as anything could the tenor of the debate and the attitude of the considerable number of voters whom the delegates to the conference represent fairly. Of such the most prominent to declare during the past week his intention to vote for Mr. Bryan is Prof. Henry Wade Rogers of the Yale Law School, until recently president of Northwestern University, Illinois.

**Metropolitan
Negro Baiting**

The press of the South is now reveling in the opportunity of condemning New York city for precisely such scenes of mob violence and frenzied, brutal attacks on Negroes as the North a few weeks ago used as a text to preach trenchant sermons to New Orleans and the South upon. The similarity of the two affairs has been most remarkable, revealing not only the existence in the North of a race hatred quite as fierce as in the South, but also a lack of courage and fair play on the part of the police, and the unreliability of the Tammanyized police force as a guardian of the peace. In New Orleans and in New York the original offenders among the Negroes were of the criminal class, and for their conduct which led up to the arrest and which called out the first mutterings of the storm the best of the Negroes in both cities have naught to say in way of extenuation. But in both cities the outbreak soon passed into larger realms of violence, in which no Negro, however decent or inoffensive, was safe within the zone of high race feeling and pressure, and the white mob had its way, with practically no interference from the men who are paid handsomely and pensioned liberally with the expectation that disorder will be kept down or instantly suppressed.

If New York had a board of police commissioners that amounted to anything now the police force of that city would get some weeding immediately. It has on it brutes in human form who refused to succor innocent blacks fleeing from mobs, and who struck down with clubs or fist the pursued rather than the pursuers. New York's population of Negroes is increasing rapidly, or has been, and most of them, we fear, are drifting toward vice and crime. The incidents of the past week have revealed this fact to New Yorkers very vividly, for in telling of the race conflict the press has been forced to tell also of the perennial race and sex problem which he may find who will but explore the area of the city that for a time last week had such a high temperature and so many storm signals flying.

Municipal Growth in the United States The official figures of the recent census thus far issued give the population of only eight cities.

			Percentage of increase
Cities	1900	1890	
Washington	278,718	230,392	20.98
Cincinnati	325,902	296,908	9.77
Louisville	204,731	161,129	27.06
Baltimore	285,315	204,486	39.54
Buffalo	322,218	253,664	37.77
Providence	175,597	132,146	32.88
Chicago	1,698,575	1,098,860	54.44
New York (Manhattan and Bronx)	2,050,600	1,515,301	35.33

Any reports as to other cities which may have found their way into the columns of the press are unofficial and have been given forth or secured contrary to law.

The percentage of gain in these cities is considerably smaller than it was in the last decade, a fact to be thankful for, and to be explained in two ways. In the very nature of the case cities could not keep on growing as rapidly as they did from 1870 to 1890, owing to the fact that the supply of population to draw upon was limited, and, secondly, with the coming of the bicycle, the electric car and other modes of rapid cheap transportation a centripetal force was created which took the city dwellers to the suburbs and, on

the other hand, made it possible for those who were seeking employment in the cities to locate residentially outside of the city limits. Greater Boston, for instance, has gained far more during the past ten years than Boston proper.

The ethical and civic betterment which this new condition reveals it is hardly necessary to point out. The greater the proportion of a city's artisans, merchants, professional men that live in the semi-urban, semi-urban outlying districts of a given metropolitan area, the wholersome the life of that metropolis.

**The Death of
Mr. Huntington**

The sudden death of Mr. Collis P. Huntington, one of the builders of the Central Pacific Railway, the creator and at the time of his death the president of the Southern Pacific Railway, the president of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and the owner and manager of enormous dry docks and ship-building yards at Newport News, Va., and ship yards at San Francisco, takes from the world of business and industry one of the most masterful and creative personalities that this country has reared. His body, mind and will were of the sort which in former days would have found their only expression in war and dynastic tyranny and conquest like Napoleon's. Born, 1821, of good Yankee stock, in Harwinton, Ct., he began to earn his living as a peddler at the age of fourteen. He lived in the East until the gold fever of 1849 broke out, when he started for the Pacific coast in search of gold, via the Isthmus of Panama. With his huge physical and keen mental equipment and habits of thrift he was bound to succeed, hence when he died he was, in the opinion of some, the most forceful personality among our captains of industry and as well a millionaire many, many times over. Untiring industry, a vast range of executive power, a tenacious and overbearing will, and Yankee shrewdness put him where he was, the master of an army of 30,000 employees, the wielder of millions of capital, the relentless and usually victorious foe of all legislation at Washington which militated against his personal interests.

As president of a great trans-continental railway line with a connecting steamship line, both of which would suffer by the competition of vessels sailing across an Isthmian canal, he fought all legislation which planned to give mariners a water link between the Atlantic and the Pacific. International and national interests and others' welfare or prosperity counted as naught to him in comparison with his profit. Similarly his management of the Southern Pacific Railroad was so indifferent to the interests of the people of the Southwest and of Southern California, and so grasping and self-centered, that he was the worst hated man in that section of the country. In surveying his career one is forced to say that it was not altruistic save through indirection. In the main his great enterprises were economic blessings; but in the accomplishment of his ends he remorselessly strewed the way with the properties and disappointed hopes of lesser capitalists who stood in his path. Since his death it has been announced that Mr. Huntington was the donor of the \$700 offered by the New York *Sun* to the writers of poems best re-

futing Edwin Markham's poem, *The Man with the Hoe*. The chapel of the Congregational Church in Harwinton, Ct., is a memorial of Mr. Huntington's mother, built by him at much expense.

**The Death of
Ex-Senator Ingalls**

Hon. J. J. Ingalls, for eighteen years a brilliant, pugnacious and caustic representative of the State of Kansas in the United States Senate, died last week, aged sixty-seven. Since his political submersion by the Populist wave in 1891, he has supported himself by his profession of law and by lecturing and writing for the press. In analysis he was strong, in synthesis weak. He goaded his political opponents into frenzy by his bitter, vitriolic speech, and brought upon the party he represented the venom of hatred which he alone deserved. Of courage and nerve and mordant wit and satire he had as much as any man of his time in Congress, and few of his own party and none of his foes cared to cross him. As a parliamentarian he was surpassed by few, and for four years he acted as president of the Senate. When his life record is studied, it seems to have been an inconsequential career, one in which the results achieved were altogether incommensurate with the undoubted intellectual power the man had. He was often credited with the statement that in politics "the Golden Rule or the Ten Commandments is an iridescent dream," but he denied that he ever uttered it. He was born in Massachusetts of the best old Puritan stock; he was educated at Williams College, which later gave him the degree of LL. D. Settling in Kansas as editor and lawyer, he saw stirring scenes during the anti-slavery controversy and the Civil War and contributed to the making of the new commonwealth. He may live longest by his sonnet, *Opportunity*:

Master of human destinies am I;
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait;
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate.
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before
I turn away; it is the hour of fate
And those who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; while those who doubt or hesitate
I answer not, and I return no more.

The circumstantial account of the service rendered by our marines and soldiers in the fight at Tientsin, including the enthusiastic praise of them by the British general, Dorward, was one of the most comforting bits of reading the public had last week. Emperor William of Germany, in acknowledging the formal action of the United States accepting the German general, Waldersee, as commander-in-chief of the forces of the allies, went out of his way to speak enthusiastically of the pleasure Waldersee would have in having American soldiers among his subordinates. The Americans and the Japanese thus far have won the honors in China.

It is announced that a motor-boat, the *Prodomas*, which means forerunner, is already built at the Hamburg docks to sail on the Dead Sea. Think of tourists journeying on that silent lake with the rugged mountains of Moab looking down on them.

The Renaissance of China

The safety of the legations and other foreigners so long imprisoned in Peking has relieved the intense anxiety of the civilized world. It is inevitable that its attention should now be turned to the complicated problem of the rehabilitation of the disorganized empire. The military collapse of China seems to be assured. Predictions of her vast strength to resist invasion were made in the dark. By the light already let in through the fall of the nation's capital, they are greatly changed. China's military strength may be potential, it is not actual. With modern guns, extensive equipment and vast numbers of men, she lacks leaders and her soldiers lack discipline. She is without the man behind the gun.

But the capture of Peking is only the beginning of the mighty task before the Powers. The ministers of China abroad recognize as their authority the empress dowager and the emperor who is in her hands, but it is reported that they are fleeing into the interior. The rule of the empress is wholly vicious, and it appears that her subordinate officers generally are untrustworthy and corrupt, hardly any of them representing the better classes of the people. Yet with her dethroned, nothing would be left but anarchy, except where the viceroys can maintain order in their separate provinces. If China is to be born again, and it is manifestly for the interests of the world that she shall be, a new government is indispensable, and the more completely the old one is sloughed off, without further local revolution, the better.

The first necessity for the Powers is to find or to establish a government with which negotiations can be made. The restoration of order throughout the empire, the punishment of the leaders of the rebellion or of the government itself if they are guilty, the assured protection of foreigners and their interests, and indemnity for losses inflicted on them and for the cost to the nations of restoring order—all these must be brought about by the Powers. Evidently none of them can withdraw its troops until these things are at least clearly in process of accomplishment.

While conflicting interests are many, the reasons for harmony among the nations are more powerful still, and we believe they will prevail. The influence of commercial concerns, which are great and whose existence would be jeopardized by discord, will weigh heavily with governments. We expect to hear of alliances between Germany, France and Russia on one side and between the United States, Great Britain and Japan on the other and of combinations of nations aligning against one another, but let us possess our souls in patience. Movements in diplomacy often appear in newspapers which have not taken place among statesmen. The immediate objects sought by the nations for China will be frustrated rather than furthered by war, and their leaders in diplomacy know it.

It is manifestly for the advantage of all that China should be governed by Chinamen, that its conditions for inviting foreign trade should be speedily improved, and, we believe, that its doors should be opened on equal terms of traffic to all na-

tions. These things our own Government is pledged to use its influence to secure. Thus far it has taken the lead in diplomacy, and its action has commanded the confidence of all parties in the United States and of all the Powers. This gives assurance of security to American citizens which cannot be too highly appreciated. The United States is in a position to be of largest service in the solution of the greatest international problem of this century. We have absolutely no selfish ends to press. We desire no control of Chinese territory and no exclusive privileges from its government. The righteous objects sought by other nations in China we also desire to secure.

These objects can only be gained by the Powers acting together. The proposal already being discussed which may be made by the United States for an international commission to sit in China and agree on a policy to be recommended to the nations seems necessary to intelligent settlement of the intricate questions involved. The calm discussion of a peaceful issue will go far towards bringing it about, and in this our own Government is best situated to take the initiative.

To bring about the renaissance of China is a task of great difficulty, but is an imperative necessity. If it is shared by all the civilized Powers, and if peacefully accomplished, it will develop their chivalric ambitions as no movement in history has yet done. We have faith in the outcome. And we believe that the successful issue will be due to the prevalence of the principles taught by Jesus Christ.

Calm in Storm

Clouds dark and ominous hang low before us. Storms around us seem to portend greater disturbances. Our country has been irresistibly drawn into conflict with vast, barbarous, unknown China. All the great nations of Europe are gathering their armies on her soil, and now, if the first stage has passed, it is quite uncertain how long they will keep peace with one another. The century may end in war convulsing the world.

While our own country is facing the most delicate and difficult conditions it has ever confronted in its relations with other nations it is approaching a presidential election which may result in placing these great responsibilities in untried hands at a time when mistakes may involve immense evil consequences. Motives for influencing votes lead to exaggerated statements of danger, and even to aspersions of the ability and character of men in office which are calculated to intensify popular excitement and alarm.

Facilities for gathering the world's news are so many that events in remotest corners are flashed instantly to great centers and distributed everywhere through the press. We find ourselves daily in the midst of a New Orleans mob, a Kentucky feud, a North Carolina political riot, a fierce struggle for Alaskan gold. We rapidly watch the movements of armies in the Philippines, South Africa, China. Inventive minds strive to satisfy the appetite for news by stories of bloodshed and torture which have occurred only in imagination. Life in such a turmoil tends to anxiety, apprehension and nervous restlessness which hasten age, un-

fit one for doing well his daily work, and destroy happiness. How can inward peace be maintained in such a storm?

Keep away from the storm centers. Read and discuss sparingly the details of political strife, riot and war. Skip entirely the mass of rumors sent out today to be contradicted tomorrow. Take a weekly vacation from news by letting the Sunday newspaper alone. Many who are so fortunate as to escape from daily alarms for a while on the sea or in the woods will be surprised when they have read the summaries of the month of absence to find how little information they have lost by omitting the daily excitement of news.

Keep in mind the large movements of nations which can be traced far back and whose issues are far in the future. See today's storm as a ripple on the surface of the ocean of time whose undercurrents are moving toward great and certain results. Note how brief, after all, is your personal relation to these world movements. Yesterday a friend was in the flush of health and absorbed in current events. In an hour he had ceased to breathe, and now his point of view has wholly changed. This may be our fate tomorrow. Personally our anxiety for the issues of war and politics may be wholly needless.

Hold steadily the confidence in that overruling Power who has been from the beginning bringing good out of evil. It costs to lift humanity. Jesus Christ has taught us that. But it pays to spend life in doing it. Times of storm are the greatest opportunities to serve mankind. To be in the world's turmoil and to have Christ's peace within is the privilege given to those in this generation who know him; and the privilege is great.

The Growth of Japan

The only Asiatic nation recognized as an equal by European Powers leaped into her new position almost by a single bound. Her wonderful success in her war with China did not bring the rewards in territory which she thought were her due. But it gave her a position among the nations which she might not otherwise have won in a century. It is to be noted that in all the recent battles with the Chinese the Japanese soldiers fought with great courage. They are no doubt inspired by a patriotic ambition which seeks new recognition for their country as an enlightened nation. It is more than possible that another opportunity is opening before Japan in the Chinese revolution of even greater promise than that in 1895-96.

Since the country was thrown open to foreigners and Western ideas began to be adopted, the population, which for a long time remained nearly stationary, has rapidly increased. Immorality has been checked, infanticide practically abolished, marriage encouraged and the danger of great famines decreased. In 1872 the population as shown by a careful census was 33,000,000 in round numbers. In 1895 it had grown to 42,000,000, and is now steadily increasing at the rate of about a half million annually. The population today is larger by 7,000,000 than that of the United States in 1870, and only about 10,000 of its inhabitants are of foreign birth.

Japan is also taking her place among progressive nations as a producing country. Great factories have arisen in her cities, minerals, cotton, flax and other fibers are imported and manufactured articles for export are increasing. The Japanese as a people are rising in the scale of living. More expensive foods are used, and many things that thirty years ago were either not known or were luxuries are regarded as necessities.

The territory of Japan is as little able to support a rapidly increasing civilized population as is that of England. She must have outlet for her people, either into other lands or into colonies under her control. Of necessity, therefore, Japan must be reckoned with in the readjustment of governments now being made and likely soon to assume greater proportions. The 40,000 Japanese in Hawaii, most of whom have settled there within a few years, are only the vanguard of a migratory movement sure to grow. Japanese immigration into the United States has just been checked by the act of the Japanese government. But the surplus population must go somewhere; and if the people develop the virility of which they seem to have the promise they will make for themselves places in fertile lands which other nations will also desire.

Japan is in the region of the north temperate zone which produces the strongest races, like Germany, England and the northern part of the United States. Her people have awakened to new life and new hopes. Some of her most prominent statesmen accept Christian standards of morality. Christian ideals which give strength to nations are gaining recognition in education and in government. When the history of the world shall be written at the end of the twentieth century, it may be that one of the great significant events in it will be the planting of Christian missions in Japan.

The Root of the Evil Traffic

Temperance sentiment in Great Britain is slowly but surely crystallizing around the principle of action for the future, laid down by Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell in their remarkable book, *The Temperance Problem*—already in its seventh edition—and reiterated by Rev. Dr. R. F. Horton in the August *Free Church Chronicle*, namely, that the "country must take the liquor trade out of the hands of those who have every inducement to push it, and keep it in the hands of the community, which has every inducement to restrain it." In towns where abstinence sentiment is intense and persistent enough to secure the local veto prohibition by all means ought to be tried and, if enforceable, retained. But in the great majority of American and British manufacturing towns and cities public sentiment is not yet sufficiently developed ethically to make the experiment of prohibition a safe one to try.

Where this condition exists and persists the community has two choices. It can let individuals control the traffic for their own profit, with every inducement to increase the amount of liquor sold and consumed, as well as to adulterate it. Or, it can manage its own drink traffic, supplying liquors that are pure, under conditions that are as wholesome as is possible,

nothing being done to increase the demand, and the revenue being used to repair, so far as possible, the evil wrought by the consumption of the liquor. Here, as in England, this proposition meets with the intense disapproval of some of the most consecrated and unselfish of the workers for temperance. But can these friends, in view of the facts which prevail in our large centers of population, longer insist on the rule or ruin policy which they have maintained hitherto?

In Great Britain, such has been the educating effect of Messrs. Rowntree and Sherwell's book, there has been a decided moderating of the animosities of the various wings of the temperance army, and a recognition by the more doctrinaire of the reformers that, after all, the tap root of the traffic is the motive of personal gain for the seller. Cut that tap root and you lessen at once the likelihood of adulterated liquor, interference with local or national politics and all artificial stimulation of the demand. British reformers are drawing together. When will American? Was ever the avowed temperance propaganda in this country at so low an ebb? Vast gains for temperance by indirection are being made we know through the decrees of industrial kings that their servants must be sober. The instruction in our schools is aiding the younger generation. But was there ever less of organized popular attempts to curb or suppress the retail sale of liquor and to reduce to a minimum the evil wrought by it? Moral suasion is still effective within certain limits. Prohibitory legislation is sometimes effective where ardently desired and thoroughly believed in, its range of effectiveness being in inverse ratio to the size of the political unit in which the attempt is made to enforce the law. Where neither of these methods avail the community is not left without recourse. It can decree that if liquor must be sold and consumed it must be done with the least profit to the seller and the least damage to the drinker. And inasmuch as the community can both buy and sell more economically, decree modes of selling and drinking and apportion the profits more wisely than the individual sellers of liquor, it is the duty of the community to take on the task. The trade as at present conducted is a vast feeding ground of parasites, who seduce victims by devices born of greed for self.

Righteous and Unrighteous Anger

It is difficult to discriminate between righteous and unrighteous anger. The personal element is so inextricably involved that judgment is impaired when we are concerned individually. But in the cases of others we can determine more justly. Certainly there is such a thing as righteous anger. Certainly anger also more often is unrighteous and evil. The ordinary distinction is that he is wrong who allows himself to become angry because of any wrong inflicted upon him. The spirit of self-sacrifice bids him suffer silently and patiently, without thought of retaliation or even of bitterness. He must forgive as he would be forgiven himself. But where a wrong has been

committed against another, or against society, it may not be evil for him to cherish genuine anger. As a factor of society, as one who in a sense is responsible for his brother's welfare, it falls to him both to protect the victim of ill treatment as far as he can, and to check, and perhaps to punish, the doer of evil, the one who has broken the peace and injured the perfectness of society by his course.

There can be no doubt of the rectitude of anger in such cases as this, but is it necessarily true that, when one personally is involved, anger is unrighteous and to be condemned? Not at all. A man when wronged is just as truly a factor in society as when he sees his friend injured. It is just as important for the public welfare, for the promotion of the kingdom of Christ among men, that he should be treated becomingly as that any one else should be. It may be in his power to waive his right without injuring society, or it may not be. The circumstances may be such that, leaving personal considerations wholly out of view, it is his duty to be indignant and to show his indignation in a true public spirit. Here is where the gravest difficulty lies in connection with anger. For such indignation is righteous anger.

It is difficult to determine the line between our personal, private grievances, which have nothing to do with the public, and which it is Christian duty to suffer and to forgive, and those which concern us in our larger relations, so that our neglect to show righteous anger and to resist will have an evil influence and make it easier for him who has harmed us to deal wrongly with others, thus promoting the injury rather than the welfare of society, looked at from a Christian as truly as from any other point of view.

To suggest this fact is about all which can be said concerning it. No rigid rule can be laid down. Circumstances vary so that what may be true here and today may be quite the reverse tomorrow and in different circumstances. Let it be remembered that the principle of anger is dangerous, and too often is wholly wrong. The spirit of the gospel is a spirit of self-sacrifice and unselfishness, of submission to evil rather than of retaliation. Let it be remembered that usually the noblest influence, the most lasting and impressive impulse toward the formation of noble character, is that of him who would rather suffer than retaliate, no matter what cause of provocation he possesses. But, while all this is true, it still remains equally true that a man has no more right to submit to be wrongfully imposed upon, or to see others ill treated, than he has to do injury himself, and that genuine anger not only may be appropriate toward his own oppressor or toward the injurer of another, but it may be the only feeling which at the time and in the circumstances is truly Christian. It was not often that Jesus exhibited anger, but, when he did, it was genuine anger and nothing else.

This last year of the nineteenth century will be memorable in Congregational history for the departure of three veteran leaders, each having long passed the allotted age of man—Park, the theologian, Hamlin, the foreign missionary, and Holbrook, the home missionary. Their united age is 273 years.

In Brief

Christian cheerfulness ought to be storm-proof.

Measure not God by thine own doubt or anguish. With thy weak faith he does not faint or languish.

The Wesleyan Twentieth Century Fund of 1,000,000 guineas now stands at £810,075. The one man one guinea plan has been given up.

Rev. G. Campbell Morgan says that the last great revival of the Christian Church was an emotional revival, and that the next one—close at hand—will be an ethical revival. It is needed.

A cabman who served Dr. F. E. Clark in London turned out to be a Christian Endeavorer, and one, too, who was in the habit of refusing all business on Sunday. We presume these pleasant surprises are not of infrequent occurrence as the Father of Christian Endeavor roams from pole to pole.

Rev. F. B. Meyer told Northfieldians last week that "any dirty work" which he needs to have done in his church in London he turns it over to the Christian Endeavor Society, which, of course, is a way of saying in the vernacular that Christian Endeavorers balk at nothing that is hard or unpleasant if it seems the call of duty.

Thirteen Atlantic cables already unite North America with different countries of Europe, and a fourteenth is being laid between Embden, Germany, and New York, a distance of almost 5,000 miles. We now touch and talk with these nations at so many points that no misunderstandings ought to arise which need to be settled by war.

Now come the tales of the piscatorial achievements of ministers rustinating at mountain lakes or by the sea. It is even said of some of them that they top the record made by lawyers, doctors and the local wielders of rod and net. A minister ought to take naturally to the sport, for he learns to be patient and persuasive as he fishes for men.

If Rev. Peter McQueen has not joined the Boers he has at least fled from the British. The Somerville *Journal* has received word from him that he was taken prisoner at Pretoria but escaped to Machadodorp, walking 100 miles. We shall print an article by him next week giving an account of his experience. He expected to arrive in Paris about this time.

It has been thought worth while to cable from London during the past week that a Chicago trust promoter, who boasts that he has won nearly a million dollars in gambling at the English races during the past month, is about to return home to capture, if possible, the nomination of United States senator from Illinois. The logic of the statement is suggestive.

The reporter of *The Examiner* who went to hear Rev. A. T. Pierson preach in Bloomsbury Chapel, London, and said of him that his appearance suggested John Knox, and that he "would be more successful in depicting the horrors of the inferno than he would be picturing the pleasures of a paradise," could hardly have expected to enjoy the friendship of the preacher.

A strength not born of ordinary food and drink must keep up Rev. F. B. Meyer. So soon as he leaves Northfield and returns to London, he will hasten to Thuringia, there to preach, through an interpreter, to large numbers of Germans and Russians. Just before coming to Northfield he was immersed deeply in the management of the great Y. P. S. C. E. convention in London.

The success of Congregational Mansfield College at Oxford and the new Presbyterian Divinity Hall at Cambridge have incited the Baptists and Wesleyans of England to consider whether they ought not to imitate the example of their brethren, and see to it that they have at least one training school for the ministry under the eaves of one or the other of the universities.

A clergyman of the Cumberland Presbyterian denomination, in giving his reasons why he is glad he was educated at the small denominational college rather than at a large university, puts it tersely thus: "Individuality was emphasized. One good trainer gives all his time to a blooded colt; one teacher to fifty young people. Some day we will prize our children beyond our colts."

"From \$12,000,000 to \$82,000,000"—this is the published estimate of the estate left by the late Collis P. Huntington, the railroad magnate. Even if the smaller sum be more nearly exact, what an amount of blessing it might confer upon the world if it had been left to promote education, missions and civic righteousness, even after generous provision had been made for surviving relatives.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, who has been the guest of the czar of Russia, is reported to have said that he found as much religious liberty in Russia as there is in New York and Washington, which shows that the famous orator has allowed the glamour of royalty to obfuscate his mind. If so, why was Tolstoi recently excommunicated? Why have the Stundists been hounded from pillar to post?

The Paulist Fathers, whose work at their church in West Sixtieth Street, New York city, has already attracted so much attention from Protestants, owing to its successful innovations and catholicity of administration, are about to establish what, in lieu of a better name, will be called a church social settlement, which will be near the church, be managed by women, and will welcome non-Catholic workers as well as Catholic.

Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden is reported as refusing to draw his salary as common councilman in Columbus, he turning it back into the city treasury every month. Dr. Gladden is not to be judged by us. But a laborer is worthy of his hire, even if he be the much envied or much despised municipal legislator. A man may be too generous as well as too penurious. Few salaries will be as well earned as Dr. Gladden's, and his when earned should be his to spend for personal ends.

The Chinaman when he becomes a Christian usually becomes a generous one. A missionary of the American Reformed Church stationed at Amoy, in the *Christian Intelligencer*, tells of a recent gift of \$1,200 to that mission by a rice merchant of that city, who has five sons whom he hopes to see enter the Christian ministry. The missionary adds that the native Christians identified with that particular mission have averaged from \$3.80 to \$4.80 per capita per year during the last nine years in their gifts to Christian ministries.

The call of Prof. Edward Cummings of Harvard University to the pastorate of the South Congregational Church, Boston, over which Dr. Edward Everett Hale has ministered so many years, is of more than usual significance in that it implies that he will give up professional ambitions at Harvard and prefer the pastorate, and in that it will be a notable instance of a man coming to the Christian ministry without much of the conventional training for the profession, but who, on the other hand, is unusually well equipped for the discussion of the ethical and sociological problems of the day.

Dr. D. C. Greene, the veteran missionary in Japan, is reported in the *Fukui Shimpō* as describing the theological drift in Japan as being distinctly toward pantheism. "The individual relationship of Christians to a personal God is not sufficiently realized," he says. There are two things in connection with the Christian Church in Japan that Dr. Greene deplores—one is the low esteem in which Christian work is held, and the other is the lack of co-operation among the churches. He deprecates, too, the studied reserve of Christians toward one another, which prevents their knowing each other's real thoughts and causes endless mistakes and misunderstandings.

Mr. Eugene Stock, the erudite secretary of the Church Missionary Society, who, after attending the recent Ecumenical Conference, visited several of the diocesan conventions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country, writes to the society's journal, *The Intelligencer*, giving his impressions of the administrative methods of the Episcopalians as contrasted with the methods which obtain in the Church of England. The democracy of the American system, the autonomy of each diocese, the right to revise the Prayer-Book or anything else without submitting the plan to secular legislators like members of Parliament—all these at once were noted by Mr. Stock and are envied by him.

The special commissioner of the United States to China, Mr. Rockhill, in the past has not been reckoned especially friendly to Christian missions. This makes all the more interesting the following sentences from a letter of his to Bishop Hurst of the Methodist Episcopal Church, written just before he started for China. He wrote:

I want to assure you, and through you the Methodist Church in the United States, that they can absolutely count upon my services to look after their interests and those of the members of the church in China while I am out there in any capacity. They need not have any apprehension that their interests will suffer at my hands; they are as dear to me as to any good American.

Rev. C. M. Sheldon, who has been so warmly received in English religious circles, was tendered a reception in Liverpool just before sailing for home. He is reported as saying that he had found a formality in relations between pastor and people in England which fortunately does not exist in America. He comes into close contact with his own people. If any of them, for instance, want to borrow money, they come to him first of all. This familiar relation is not confined among us to the pastoral office. As an editor, we have often noted a similar nearness of approach by those who wanted to borrow money. Indeed, we have had occasion to notice it more than once when in England, where even laymen are not debarred from obeying the injunction in the Sermon on the Mount about lending [Matt. 5: 42].

The judges who are to select those eminent Americans whose names are worthy to be carved on the walls of the Hall of Fame at the University of New York have had 234 names submitted to them by the senate of the university, the senate in turn getting its list through solicitation of men and societies likely to be discriminating. Of class G, preachers and theologians, eight of the twenty-six names submitted are Congregationalists, namely: Cotton Mather, Jonathan Edwards, Timothy Dwight, Samuel Hopkins, Charles G. Finney, Lyman Beecher, Horace Bushnell and Henry Ward Beecher. In popular votes taken by the *Brooklyn Eagle* and the *Minneapolis Times* to determine who are worthy of commemoration in this Hall of Fame, only two clergymen were named, Jonathan Edwards and Henry Ward Beecher.

Backward Looks Over an Eventful Life

II. Sultans of Turkey Whom I Have Known

BY THE LATE REV. CYRUS HAMLIN, D. D.

I have frequently seen five sultans, three, Mahmud II., Abdul Medjid and Abdul Aziz, while on the throne, Murad and Abdul Hamid as boys, splendid riders on Arab steeds. With only one have I had any personal interview or conversation, Abdul Medjid.

The sultan of Turkey is supposed by Moslems to inherit the rights, duties and powers of the prophet, but he must regard the Koran, the first traditions of the prophet and the decisions of the four great *imams* (priests of the faith). Should a sultan defy any of these, there would be a revolution. The *Fetvas* of the Sheikh-ul-Islam are decisions of law which he must execute, but as he can make or unmake the sheikh, this does not amount to much.

The mightiest sultan of this dynasty was Sultan Mahmud II., who escaped assassination and girded on the sword of Islam July 28, 1808. He checked the rapid disintegration of the empire and instituted many reforms in the army, navy and civil administration. All the *rayahs*, Armenians, Greeks and Jews, regarded him as their friend and benefactor. One reported saying of his gives his character: "The prosperity of my empire depends upon justice to the *rayahs* and friendly relations with Europe." Russia saw that this would reconstruct the empire and make it too powerful for her easy inheritance, and she seized every opportunity to strike the noble sultan a damaging blow.

During all the month of May, 1839, the public impression was that the sultan was dying. But the announcement that he would perform the public duties of worship at the Mosque of Candilli, and from there would go to be refreshed in his kiosk on the heights, called an immense multitude of all nationalities together to see the imperial splendor of the parade in the royal barges and to behold for the last time the greatest hero of the house of Osman.

I was within two yards of him as he ascended the steps of the mosque painfully, led by two favorite *pashas*, one on each side. The perspiration poured from his face, and, excepting his wonderful eagle eye, his appearance was that of a dying man.

For the next ten days the public mind was agitated by all sorts of contradictory rumors—that the sultan was dead—that he was much better—and that he had instituted great reforms.

Three days before his death was publicly announced we received a private note from a member of the English embassy, saying that he was undoubtedly dead, but that his death would be kept secret until all the regulations for public safety should be instituted. In the meantime we would do well not to expose ourselves needlessly. He probably died on June 28, having spent his last strength in ordering measures for the public safety.

July 1, as we were at luncheon, we heard the tramp of armed men. When they suddenly stopped a most sonorous and powerful voice announced with a

measured dignity: "Sultan Mahmud Khan is dead, and Sultan Abdul Medjid Khan reigns in his stead!" The force moved on two or three hundred paces and the solemn announcement was repeated, and so on through the Grand Street of Pera. Scores, nay hundreds, of similar squads of soldiers, with an *imam* at the head of each, were repeating the same solemn words over all the great city.

The departed sultan had given strict command to repress all lawlessness and violence, and this display of force disappointed many thousands who had hoped to enjoy a time of riot and bloodshed. By this just and benevolent regard for the safety and welfare of his obedient subjects the dying sultan secured safety for all, and the people were loud in his praise.

The foreign population were anxious to know what would be the complexion of the new government, for every official would be changed. Would the new government enforce the order to expel the American missionaries? (See *My Life and Times*, p. 195 and on.)

Great were our amazement and joy when Reshid Pasha was announced as grand vizier. English policy had triumphed over Russian, and the young sultan would carry out the reforms of his father, Mahmud.

July 11 was appointed for the magnificent ceremony of girding upon the heir of the throne the sword of Islam. In all royal displays in Constantinople there is nothing ever seen to compare with this. I resolved to see it. The magnificent *cortège* following the young sultan would march from the Mosque of Eyoub, through the city, to the Seraglio, a distance of six or seven miles.

Dr. Stamatiaides, an Americo-Greek physician, and myself went over to the Grand Rue to hire a room for ourselves and friends. After long search we saw a room occupied by an *atitor*, peddler of all things. His stock could easily be removed.

The bargaining for that room was long and able on the doctor's part. It terminated most satisfactorily at twenty-four *direkli* or *columns*, as Spanish dollars, then largely in circulation, were called. We were to have possession at sunrise on the morning of the 11th, all articles to be removed but the planks, benches and various other things needful for our use. We easily prepared twenty-four seats, each range above the one in front of it; and offered a place to any one who would share with us the expense. Every seat was soon taken by our friends—one man taking three, another five. We should have had demand for every seat, if we had had thousands.

After long waiting, and seeing nothing but the efforts of the vast crowd to get a good view point, the doctor and I went out to look around. Not only was every standing place occupied, every window full, and vacant places fitted up with temporary stages, but the roofs of houses favorably situated along the streets were

stripped of their tiles, and thousands upon thousands were sitting there to see this great parade, in which all the jewelry of the empire and of the house of Osman would be displayed. The waiting becoming tedious, the doctor and I went out again towards Eyoub, a good half mile, to study the character of the mixed multitude and gather some data for an estimate of numbers—half a million?

We had advanced hardly a half mile when two splendid couriers in royal livery came galloping along with the cry of "clear the road!" We turned and made quick tracks for our room, for the dust of a great cavalcade was not far off, and every tongue was saying in suppressed tones, "The sultan! 'tis he!" We had regained our places before the head of the column reached us, and from our position could see that it did not consist of more than a few hundred persons. Moreover, it was accompanied, as it advanced, by a burst of laughter from the crowd.

It was, in fact, a mock show of the court fool—a ludicrous specimen of humanity, thick, fat, his head set between his shoulders without much connection, but with rather a fine face, expressive of his enjoyment of the fun. It put the great crowd into good humor for another hour's waiting. At length the head of the royal column appeared. First a company of royal guards, then the "ostrich plumes" and the twelve led horses from the imperial stables. If they had been without ornament they would have excited great admiration. But art had loaded them with saddles, pistols in jeweled cases and saddle cloths covered with pearls, diamonds, turquoises, rubies, etc., put on with exquisite taste. They remorselessly moved on, while every eye longed to detain them for further admiration.

Then came the pale boy of sixteen, dressed with the utmost simplicity. His blue broadcloth cloak, or long cape, was fastened at the throat by a wonderful diamond clasp; this, with a diamond aigrette on his fez, were all the ornaments we saw. His saddle cloth and pistol case were ablaze with jewels of unequalled splendor.

Then followed the long line of about 500 officials of the empire. Every man had a broad sword belt and sword hilt covered with jewels, as were also the broad cuffs and collars of their uniforms. It was regarded as an act of piety for any rich Moslem, man or woman, to lend all their jewels to perfect the splendor of this great display, in which Islam confronts the gaze of Europe.

Our room being right opposite the great tent covering the place where the remains of Mahmud II. were placed (over which his tomb has been built), we noticed, with intense interest, the manifestations of feeling for the great departed. Nearly every one uttered some prayer, or made a salaam, as he passed, and three of his favorite officers threw themselves from their horses and rushed into the tent to kneel at his grave and

offer a prayer. (A Moslem prayer is often but a single sentence.) The grand procession did not stop, but moved slowly on, and these pious old officers of Mahomed regained their places by a run—for a Turk an undignified motion.

The splendor had become monotonous. The eye at length sought relief from silver, gold, diamonds and pearls. Many exclaimed, "Who would have thought that this poor empire could have poured out millions of pounds sterling in magnificent jewelry!"

Then came a sudden and remarkable change. The Sheikh-ul-Islam appeared on a splendid horse, without an ornament of any kind, but with a richness and choiceness of material that delighted us. He headed a column not ten in number, but it struck the multitude with awe. That is show—this is power. These are the men that make reforms impractical. They all passed the tomb of Mahomed with a hauteur that unmistakably showed their hatred of the great reformer.

One must remember that all these men of the mosques—*imams, moolahs* and judges had received from ten to fifteen years of abstemious living and severe training as *softas*. Bigotry, hatred of the Ghiaour and readiness to die for Islam were the virtues they had cultivated. The amazing splendor of the first column made a less abiding impression upon me than the unique simplicity, severity, spirituality and haughty dignity of the second. Thus this splendid pageant passed away, never to be equaled again by Islam.

But startling news came on swift wings, filling all hearts with fear. The sultan's splendid fleet had been basely betrayed into the hands of Mohammed Ali, his great enemy in Egypt. Then followed the still more disastrous news that his army had been routed and partially destroyed by Ibrahim Pasha at Nejib, on the Euphrates. Now the question asked by every one was, "Who will have Constantinople, the pasha of Egypt or the czar of Russia?" Many expected to see the Russian fleet in the Bosphorus any morning. I need not tell how Europe interfered and settled the question, making Ibrahim retire with his army and Mohammed Ali give back the fleet.

Another terrible calamity now befell the people in the great conflagration in Pera. Between 3,000 and 4,000 houses were reported as destroyed. The fire raged for hours. The house of Rev. Dr. Robertson, Episcopal missionary, was seen to be in the path of the destroying flames, and all his friends fell to to help him remove everything valuable to my house, which was considered safe. His house did not burn, but his expenses and losses were nearly equal to a fire.

It was an awful day of heat, terror, suffering and disaster. While these terrible events were occupying all thoughts, the Armenians were especially affected by the failure of some of their greatest bankers, and they saw clearly that their places could never be regained.

A council of chief men of the empire was held and, after the survey of all their disasters, they voted to recall all the evangelical exiles. We supposed this would be done without delay, but months passed, and we could not find out what

power was opposing. Was it France? Was it Russia? "The emperor of Russia, who is my master, will never allow Protestantism to set its foot in Turkey" (De Bouteiff). Finally, they all returned. Russia could not have everything her own way. She has grown vastly in skill, power and influence since that date of 1839-40.

The St. Louis Strike and the Churches

BY WOLCOTT CALKINS, D. D.

One chapter of recent history has not been written. In fact the St. Louis strike itself is not yet off. One still sees on a few of the prominent streets the "strikers' barges," wretched wagons drawn at a snail's pace by tired horses and often crowded with those who are afraid to use the cars. However, the cars of the transit company are running regularly, and I have met few who hesitate to make use of them. The American Board can deliberate calmly, at their approaching meeting here, about massacres in China without fear of encountering Boxers on the streets of St. Louis.

Now that it is past this horror is still a mystery here. No one has given me an explanation which I can accept as satisfactory. "What did the men demand? More pay and shorter time?" "No. There were some complaints, but the only demand which was formulated was that union men only must be employed, and no union man should be discharged without the approval of a committee appointed by the union."

"Yes, but you citizens, church members, impartial men wholly outside of the dispute, we heard that you took sides with the strikers." "So we did till they began to throw stones, explode dynamite and drag people off the cars."

"Well, did you approve such a preposterous demand as this—a union of workmen taking the entire management of a corporation in which they had not invested a dollar?"

At this point the "other side" begins to plead: the transit company had secured an outrageous franchise; it was growing enormously rich at the expense of the city; in asking for the combination it promised increased facilities, and then actually took off ears and crowded us worse than ever; the whole city was exasperated. Meantime our one independent line, the suburban road, proved that a reform was possible; it soon effected a compromise with its men, and has been running through the whole strike with increased service at immense profits and to the entire satisfaction of its workmen and of the public. We were more than willing to join union men in all lawful means of resisting the extortions of a monopoly. If they had kept the peace, the strikers would have gained, not what they demanded, but all that is just and a great benefit to the city.

The peace seems to be just what men in such excitement never can keep. And in this case there was no municipal nor state government competent to do so. Neither the mayor nor the chief of police has supreme command of the force. A charge rising rapidly from \$900,000 to nearly \$2,000,000 has been foisted by the state upon the city for a police force ap-

pointed and commanded by a partisan commission. This political machine proved totally inadequate for the emergency. The city treasury is exhausted. The streets are in a deplorable condition, and it is publicly announced that there is not a dollar to pay for cleaning. Citizens are universally humiliated. A prominent lawyer has assured me that it will take fifty years for St. Louis to recover from the financial and moral disaster of this strike.

But I set out to tell of the strike and the church. The tornado of a few years ago twisted and demolished meeting houses. The strike has made havoc in many churches. In its height a minister received an urgent call to visit one of his members dying in a hospital four miles away. As he entered the pulpit the following Sunday nearly all of his congregation went out. He had taken the transit cars to the hospital. Another minister, careful to avoid this offense himself, put a lame child on the cars, and he was also forsaken.

A large church supports a flourishing mission at the North End. All the teachers go from the uptown church. One or two of them, unable to walk so far, by taking the cars for a single Sunday came near breaking up the mission and bringing odium on the church also. Vicarious suffering of the innocent has been universal. An offending minister or member has sufficed to bring a whole church under the ban. Lutheran and other German organizations have been the worst sufferers. All the churches which are largely composed of working families have been effected.

But, after all, churches of all denominations have nobly redeemed their opportunity. I have yet to hear of a minister or of a church yielding to any compromise of righteousness in the worst of the excitement. Our own Congregational churches, less prominent in the conflict, but better known to me, have an unsullied record. The divine authority of good government, the subjection for conscience sake to the powers that be, the duty not only to obey, but to sustain lawful magistrates and to seek only lawful, peaceful and orderly redress for injuries—these have been the ringing truths which have been heard from our pulpits with an interest never before felt.

I see all around me in our Pilgrim congregation veterans who were enrolled and drilled in the hour of danger. I hear of exhortations from ministers and deacons to the end that if the prayer meeting came on the same evening as the drill or the meeting of some committee of safety, the public duty must be preferred. Christians have proved to be the salt of the earth in a most unsavory time. Our Compton Avenue pastor was invited to address working men in the midst of the crisis. He preached a straight gospel to them. He made them understand just how far they could go and be within their rights, and the awful danger of stepping a hair's breadth over the line. To suffer the greatest wrong, he assured them, is safer than to do the least wrong. The most astonishing effect of the strike on the churches has appeared in our Olive Branch Church. Not the minister in this case, but the Sunday school superin-

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"That Take and Give for Me and Thee"*

Rev. F. B. Meyer's First Address at the Northfield General Conference, Aug. 9, 1900

If he [Mr. Moody] were here he would say, "Don't spend any of your time on me; do Christ's work." So modest, so unobtrusive, so shrinking from one word of human commendation, I feel that here today from heaven he lays his hand upon my mouth and says, "Go on and do God's work," and I obey. I cannot but feel that he is very much nearer than some of us think. I think Mr. Morgan and I are here because we love him, at a good deal of cost, and I think I may speak for both of us when I say that our one desire is to be a medium of blessing, so that this, the last assembly of this century, may be the best, and that not one of you will leave Northfield without such an impulse as you will never, never lose.

I want to speak to you tonight—and may God greatly help—on some very simple words which are to be the keynote of my work here these next ten days. You will find them in St. Matthew's Gospel, the seventeenth chapter. They are the last words in the chapter: "That take and give for me and thee." They were spoken by Christ. The collectors of the usual half-shekel which each man was required to give as his ransom price had called on Peter for payment. "Does your Master pay the half-shekel?" and Peter said he would inquire. Christ put in a slight demurral and then said, "Lest we should offend them, and inasmuch as there are no half-shekels in our little store, go, Peter, to the lake, let down your line, take the first fish that comes up, and in its mouth you will find, not two half-shekels, but one shekel. That take and give for me and thee." I want you to see today that everything which we teach centers around those words, that Jesus Christ put his infinite, his unsearchable, his inexhaustible store at the disposal of every trembling, helpless, penniless nature, and he says: "Thou and I are joined together forevermore; all mine is thine. That take and give for me and thee."

You see Peter was a sinful man, and we have Christ linking himself to the sinful man; and Peter was a penniless man, and we have Christ placing his resources and helping him to meet the need, the demands of life; and then Peter, beside that, was in daily need of help and grace, and so Christ was waiting that Peter should learn to take and give, to take and give. Those are my points, and very simple; but if we shall understand those points tonight by the illumination of the Holy Spirit, who while I speak is witnessing to your heart, then tonight shall date a new epoch in your life because you so learn to glory in your temptation, your helplessness and your need since you see that each time they recur Christ says, "Don't worry. If the paymaster has come, the taxgatherer is there waiting for you to pay his demand, don't worry; don't get into a fever; don't fret. I have everything; keep near me; I will supply all thy need according to my riches in glory. That take and give for thee, for me."

Isn't it very wonderful that Jesus Christ should class a sinful soul as thou art with himself with that marvelous conjunction

"and"? "I and thou; me and thee." He puts himself first, as the King must needs do, because if you and I are linked to him at all we must always remember his infinite superiority as the Son of God; we must always remember that it is by his grace, his distinguishing grace, his wonderful, unexplored grace that he has singled me out as if there were no other soul in all the world, knowing that thou art sinful, knowing the history of thy past, knowing that thou canst not bring him as thou art now any glory or honor; and yet, for some reason that neither you nor I nor, I suppose, any seraph can understand, Jesus linking himself and thee in an indissoluble union, which neither life, nor death, nor principalities, nor powers, nor thy sin, nor thy backsliding, nor thy mistakes, nor death, nor hell, nor judgment to come, nor all the power of the universe shall ever be able to break. *I and thou; me and thee.* "Thou art as much his care as if beside no man nor angel lived in heaven or earth."

Isolate yourself; forget that you are one of a great crowd; forget the husband that sits by your side or the little child upon the other, the girl friend or the man whom you love; forget all these; forget the leaves of the forest; forget all the fish that flash in the ocean; forget the stars that shine in the vault of night; and think that thou art alone in the infinite and the eternal, one tiny mote, one speck of sin, of need, of helplessness; and as thou dost realize the unutterable loneliness of life, of being, of existence, and as thou shrinkest back before destiny, before the future, hear that voice, which is as the sound of many waters, as he comes along where thou art waiting, standing, and says: "Fear not; I am with thee; I love thee; I redeemed thee; I identify myself with thee; because I live thou shalt live, I and thou forever and forever and forever. When the moon is cold, the stars drop from their courses and the universe racks to ruin, always thou and I; I and thou."

But you will notice that Peter was not only sinful, but penniless. He had been a well-to-do man, I suppose; he had had a share in a boat, if not an entire boat, and his nets and his home, and he had built up for himself a little competence, but at the demand of Christ he had left all to follow, and the man who was once in fairly good circumstances had not a single half-shekel left, and it was a very awkward thing when this man, the collector, came to him and said, "Where is the half-shekel?" He had given up at Christ's command; he had given up his chance of making half-shekels. But when a man gives up his legitimate right at the demand of Christ he may always reckon upon Christ. If Christ shuts that door to making the half-shekel, then you may put your hand into his purse and take the half-shekel thence. "No," says he, "one shekel for us two; we are going shares; I am going to pay the way for you. Come with me, pilgrim soul; leave behind thee nets and home and come with me, and I will see to it that every demand shall be met."

For instance, supposing there is a man here who, under the touch of this week, shall come to see that some church fair by which he has raised money to carry on God's work is altogether unwarrantable. Supposing the new light that falls upon that man's heart shall make him feel that never again in his church shall things be permitted which have been permitted, and that ways of raising money which have been shall never again pass beneath his consent. That man will walk out of these doors dazed, and the dark spirit will meet him with the suggestion, How will you live, how will you keep up your church work, how meet the church demand? If that man will leave his nets and boat and everything to follow the Christ—and he can't follow the Christ without leaving them—you may depend upon it that Jesus Christ will find the half-shekel. Nay, he shall say to you: "That church is mine; that work is my property as well as yours; all that you are interested in is my interest. You and I are going together now, one shekel for the two of us; I am going to meet all demands."

Or supposing there is some girl here, some young life. She has come up here hardly knowing why. There was nothing else, perhaps, for her to do; this was handy; friends were coming, and she came—a religious girl, but not deeply so. She has been accepting the proposals of a worldly man who has no love for her Christ, who is not able to sympathize with her in her best life, and she will find out that to live for Christ demands her to leave him. She must follow the true program, even though it costs the human love, and she goes out from these doors dazed. How can she live? Christ meets her in the dark and puts his arm around her and says, "My child, trust me, reckon on me, for no one has left father or mother or lover or friend, or aught for my sake, but what I from the depth of my own mighty resource can supply every need." Christ never cuts off the earning of the shekels upon this side without giving you shares with him in his shekels upon that. He never takes away the earthly without giving the share of the heavenly, never takes away that to which the fond heart clings without giving from above some eternal and most blessed compensation. I like those words, "To reckon on Christ." Not to make terms with him. I should have had great contempt if Peter had said before he started from the shores of the lake, "But if I give up my nets, what then? Who is to pay?" He made no bargains; he followed Christ in the dark. He daren't falter; he knew Christ wouldn't ask him to follow and then fail him. My Master never yet failed the soul that dared to leave all and follow. He will never, he will never fail you.

There are some things I cannot pray about; there are some things I cannot ask him for. To ask him for them would impute the possibility of meanness upon his side. I mean to say, in my life now I haven't the opportunity of making money as a business man would, and yet I have to carry on his work, and it seems to me

when demands accrue in my life it would be mean to plead with him with too much paroxysms of entreaty, as though he were unwilling. He is honorable; he knows when the tax collector comes; he knows he must be met, and he has his supply. My Master isn't mean; you may trust him utterly, you may reckon upon him absolutely. You [turning to W. R. Moody], dear man behind me, upon whom the load of perhaps 20,000 of our pounds a year has fallen, young enough shoulders, not so broad as those strong shoulders that have gone, you will not find the Master puts responsibility and leaves it there; thou and he together shall share the one shekel between you.

I like what Livingstone said. It is told in his life how he came to the margin of a river one afternoon, and on the other side infuriated savages were brandishing their spears, prohibiting his passage; and he saw it, saw the river, saw them, knew that he must take that way sooner or later; but he came back to his little tent and opened his Bible where it is said, "I am with you all the days," and he said in his diary, "I reckoned that my Master was a perfect gentleman." I have often thought of that. My Master is a perfect gentleman; he is honorable; you may trust him; you may reckon upon him; and then when your faith fails, he abideth faithful; he cannot deny himself.

But I want just once more to notice what these resources are. "For me and thee," "for me and thee;" look at them. Take and give; take and give; for me and thee. We see him on the wind-swept height of temptation where for forty days he is tempted of Satan, and how in the last hours of it the temptation becomes more extreme and intense, and he suffers, being tempted; and I think he turns his face on which the cold sweat of the conflict, the agony, stands, the very muscles standing out like whipcord in the agony of that fight, and he says: "It is for me that I may be a faithful high priest, and for thee that in my victory thou shouldst overcome. This take and give for me and thee."

We see him on the cross lifted above us in his dying agony. We press around him and we say, "Spare thyself; this must not come to thee;" and he says: "Cease to persuade me; this is for me that I may show my unutterable devotion to my Father's will, and it is for thee that I may put away sin by the sacrifice of myself and make it needless for thee ever to suffer beneath the curse of a broken law.

We see him as he emerges from the grave, and our heart almost refuses to believe that such a descent could have been needed for such as he, the Son of the Eternal God; but as he steps from that grave he seems to cast a searching look into our faces as we gather at the mouth, and he says: "Don't wonder; that grave is for me that from it I may leap to my throne, and it is for thee that thou shouldst have a quiet spot fragrant with the spices of the women where thou shalt spend one-half hour each day putting the silence and solitude of my grave between thee and the temptations, the blandishments of the world."

And I see him rising from Olivet, away to where yonder cloud like a cradle floats waiting for him, or, like a veil, to fall be-

hind his person as he passes it; and as my heart yearns after him and bids him not leave me comfortless, he seems to turn from the cloud as he enters it and says, "Be of good cheer; it is for me that I may go to my Father; it is for thee that from my glory I may succor thee."

And I think I see him go where no created being had ever gone, I mean where our human nature had never ventured. I see him, the Son of God, taking our nature in his ascension into the rare atmosphere of the throne, and as he enters it the Father welcomes him, and I think that he has forgotten me; and presently the Father is pleased that all fullness should dwell in him, and I think that perhaps amid the burst of that glory he is not quite so sensitive for me; and he receives from the Father the fullness of the Holy Ghost, and as the mighty fullness of the blessed Spirit fills the glorified and ascended nature of Jesus, as soon as he has received it he turns to me in all my sin and shame and sorrow, and he says, "It is for me and thee."

And as the glory of eternal ages will come to my Saviour, bellow upon bellow of praise, department after department of the universe open to his royal scepter, on and on and on through the millennium, through the judgment, through the eternal ages, I suppose that there is no shekel that will ever come to Christ for the tribute of the universe of which he will not give me half, always saying, "It is for me and thee." I cannot understand it. I do not think anybody here can fathom it, but to think that of every shekel that shall come into Christ's treasury from the infinite depths of existence that always the half goes to the soul that loves him as if there were no other soul to share it! O, the depth of the riches of the love of God!

The tax collector is always coming to me. He is always wanting something. There is the tax collector of the home life. A man can be a great man on a public platform, but you go terribly into degeneracy in the little trivialities of the home—patience, sweetness, self-control. And then Jesus says: "Do you want patience, sweetness, self-control? It is in here; I am it; I have it; all I have is thine; take and give." For the public speaker, modesty, freedom from jealousy, absolute simplicity. "You and I have a plenty; take and give."

Ah, I see, I see! The tax collector is permitted to come that you may be driven to the resources of the Son of God. I never could understand why temptation came. I think I see it now. I think I see a clew to the permission of evil in the world. I think it lies that way, that temptation is permitted to come, not that I may fall—certainly not, for it came to Christ—but permitted to come that I may know my utter impotence and helplessness, and that I may wake up to see what Jesus is and what he can be to the weak, tired, helpless soul. Yes, that is why you have a besetting sin, partly; that is why you are tempted at every turn; that is why you are met with such almost impossible demands; that is why the tax collector comes to you every half-hour. People never would have known that Christ had shekels in the depth of the lake if the tax collector hadn't knocked, and

I would never have known what Jesus can be, hour after hour, moment after moment, to the driven, tempted and the sorrowing spirit if there had not been the stress upon my life, as upon yours, of importunate demand. Let us get nearer to him.

I close by one simple thing. We have been thinking a good deal in Great Britain of Baden-Powell, a fine man, a man in whom that Anglo-Saxon spirit and blood throbs that has made you what you are and the mother country what she is. He was brought up by his widowed mother on this wise: they were taught the demand of honor, honor, honor—a great thing to teach men and women to live up to the code of Christian honor. The mother did it by having an open plate in which the spending money of the family was placed, and the children knew that they might take what they would of that, considering always the rest. There it lay; whenever the children needed to buy aught for themselves, or as presents to mother, brother or sister, they might take what they would from that open plate, and there was no one to say nay. And they said that he took two shillings once. It was thought to be a little overstepping the mark for the boy to take two shillings, but it was forgiven when it was discovered it was to give his mother a birthday present. I see that God has put the whole resources of his deity onto the human nature of Jesus Christ, and he says to us, "Take and give." I thought when I began to teach, fool that I was, that God put all his best things on a high shelf, and when I was very saintly I would reach them on tiptoe. I see now he puts them all on the low shelf for the babies to crawl to, and the divinities with stiff necks to bend to. "That take and give for me and thee."

The St. Louis Strike and the Churches

[Continued from page 239.]

tendent incurred the displeasure of the union. I don't know what was the occasion, but I have no doubt he was on his Master's business when he took one of the transit cars. The next Sunday morning a boycott placard was found posted on the meeting house, and the building was crowded to note the result. The minister announced that this placard had been posted without his knowledge and without the consent, so far as he could ascertain, of any member of his committee or church, and now it must remain. He charged his people not to touch it.

The Olive Branch has a larger ratio of working families than any other Congregational church. They were there that morning and they heard something they will never forget. They rallied nobly to sustain their brave pastor. The house has been crowded ever since. This thing has fallen out rather for the furtherance of the gospel."

St. Louis, Mo.

Nor the plantynge and settynge of trees deliyeth a man; but also graffynge than the which the husbande man never invented thyng more crafty and excellent.—Cicero.

Three Incidents and Three Conclusions

BY REV. CHARLES J. RYDER, D. D.

Incident 1. A pastor of the Methodist Church has recently left that church to enter upon study for orders in the Episcopalian Church. He is a man of somewhat unusual ability and devotion. He has been a student of the Bible and of ecclesiastical and general history. After careful, and no doubt prayerful, study his conviction led him to change his ecclesiastical relationship. This change involved serious sacrifice. He gave up a position in a ministry in which he held a large place. He surrendered an immediate income of good proportions. He entered upon the humblest kind of missionary service in an impoverished district in New York that he might serve the church of his adoption the better. It is impossible to detect a single element of selfishness in this change which he has made. It is manly, courageous obedience of his honest convictions.

Incident 2. A pastor in the ministry of a Presbyterian church has recently left it to enter the Baptist Church. He, too, was a student of the New Testament, of ecclesiastical and general history, and by careful and devout study came to the conclusion that he could only meet his honest convictions by adopting and teaching immersion as the only mode of baptism. He made similar sacrifices, perhaps greater, in order to be true to his convictions. It was a heroic thing to do.

Incident 3. A clergyman of the Baptist Church, the son and grandson of Baptist preachers, by study of the New Testament and ecclesiastical and general history, has come to the conviction that the position of his church is untenable. He gives up a pastorate, the honorable position which he held among the ministers of his denomination, making genuine sacrifice that he might honestly follow his convictions. These convictions led him into the ministry of the Congregational church. This, too, was a manly thing to do.

Now for the three conclusions.

Conclusion 1. To follow one's honest convictions does not necessarily lead one to a true and correct conclusion. Two of these three honest and self-sacrificing men must be wrong. Perhaps all three are wrong. Each has honestly followed his convictions and those honest convictions lead the three quite apart. It certainly ought to emphasize the demand for largest charity in the treatment of honest differences of opinion.

Conclusion 2. Conscientiousness is not synonymous with wisdom. Self-sacrifice does not necessarily argue the objective truth of that for which the sacrifice is made. A man may suffer for an untruth. A martyr may die for an error.

Conclusion 3. The outward, the formal, the method of church organization and the administration of the sacred rites is left in the Scripture uncertain. Were it not so these three honest men, who are types of many honest men, could not vary so seriously in the results which they reach. No church can honestly claim that it is "*the only church of the New Testament*" when such incidents as these are somewhat common. No body of disciples can maintain that they administer

any given rite in the only Scriptural way when such honest and devoted men are unable to agree as to what that method is.

And does not this really present the New Testament method? If certainty could be fixed with regard to methods of polity and the administration of rites would not this very fact lead us to make important the method rather than the spirit? "I have many things to say unto you but ye cannot bear them now," was Christ's farewell message to his disciples. A man who conscientiously follows the light which he has is a grand Christian. It is not because he reaches absolutely certain results, but because he manifests the spirit of sincerity and the desire for the truth. "If the Almighty held absolute truth in one hand and in the other the restless desire after truth and asked me to choose, I would reverently bow to the left hand and say, 'Give me this restless desire; pure truth is for thee alone.'"

This is surely the profound lesson of these three interesting incidents. Each man has found the spirit of the gospel and in his self-sacrificing and rugged courage presses on in the path into which that spirit leads him. But let him not, let us not, criticise the other honest man who is pressing along quite a different path with the same burning desire to follow the truth.

A Noted Negro Minister

Rev. Samuel Harrison, who died at Pittsfield, Mass., Aug. 11, was in many respects a remarkable man. He was ordained in 1850, having been called to the Second Church at Pittsfield, of which he was the beloved pastor for more than forty years.

Although born a slave, it was his good fortune to belong to one of the few slaveholders who emancipated their own slaves long before Lincoln's proclamation. In his boyhood he attended the public schools of New York city. In Philadelphia, at the age of seventeen, he was led by his "godly mother" to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ. He soon realized his call to the ministry, but was conscious of his need of preparation and of his meager opportunities to prepare. But he had courage and faith and accordingly set out to secure an education and made his way to the Western Reserve College at Hudson, O., where he was welcomed by the faculty and matriculated as a work student. Here he worked and studied until forced by pecuniary embarrassment to give up his plans. Returning to Philadelphia, he secured employment in a bookstore and was accorded the privilege of reading at his leisure such books as he desired. This opportunity he well improved. Not long after he secured in Newark, N. J., an opportunity to do missionary work in the suburbs of the city, with the privilege of pursuing theological studies under a private tutor. He was called to the church at Pittsfield in the autumn of 1849. In 1862, at the suggestion of Dr. Mark Hopkins, Governor Andrew appointed him chaplain of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry.

When the war closed he held, for short periods, pastorates at Newport, Ct., Springfield, Mass., and Portland, Me. He was recalled to the Pittsfield church in April, 1872, from which time until a few months before his death he stood amid his people a veritable prophet of truth.

He was widely known and as widely loved and honored, but by none was he esteemed more highly than by the people of the community in which he lived so long and the members of the church which he served so many years. At the ripe age of eighty-two years this good man has finished his work and

gone to his reward. The funeral was held in the Second Church at Pittsfield, Aug. 14, Rev. Messrs. Calkins of Pittsfield and De Berry of Springfield officiating. The remains were laid to rest in the Pittsfield cemetery with G. A. R. honors.

W. N. D.

A Protestant Preacher Among the Cubans

There have been about twenty Congregationalists among the Cuban teachers in Cambridge at the summer school, including deacons in the churches at Havana and Cienfuegos. They have been the picked men of the company.

Rev. Mr. Hernandez has spoken twice to his fellow-countrymen at the services held for them in the Baptist Church, Cambridge, and he has had two services of his own, one in the Shepard Memorial Church and the other in the First Parish Unitarian Church. He has met and talked on religious matters with many who are not Protestants, as well as advised and counseled with the fifty who are avowedly so, finding but few of the men who profess much save deism, most of them being



REV. GENARO HERNANDEZ

frankly atheistic and holding only the most nominal connection with the Roman Catholic Church. As an orator, he is wonderfully expressive and fervid, wearing out his frail appearing body with the passion of his feeling and the abandon of his zeal. He was born in Havana, studied at Havana University, and also under Rev. Ariago, E. P. Herrick and F. Spoeig. He took charge of the mission for Cubans in Ibor City, Tampa, Fla., in 1883. The church now has 146 members, with an average attendance of thirty-five, and a Sunday school with an average attendance of twenty-five. The Christian Endeavor Society numbers seventy-eight, and the Junior Endeavor Society has 126 members and is at work enthusiastically. Mr. Hernandez also carries on a denominational day school, with seventy-five pupils, who receive an elementary education.

Mr. Hernandez is intensely interested in the civil as well as the moral and religious betterment of Cuba. His words of counsel to Cubans relative to their future course as patriots were admirable, and if he is at all disappointed with any lack of cordial treatment by Americans which he may have suffered, he need not mourn for lack of most enthusiastic appreciation by the Cubans.

In their zeal to utilize incidents in the life of Jesus for novels and plays British authors, of dramas at least, who contemplate publicity for the same in London have to reckon with a censor. He has just forbidden the production of a play called *Pilate and Ovid's Daughter*, written by an American lady and Englishman, who, it is said, plan now to attempt its rendering in the United States. Some day we, too, will attain unto a censorship. Such a work of purgation needs to be done.

The Various Joys of Vacation Time

Odd and Interesting Places and Avocations

A Yankee Deacon Among the Pilgrims to Ste. Anne de Beaupre

The sentinel city of the St. Lawrence" is one of the historic spots of America. It is of this Quebec that Henry Ward Beecher said: "Here is a small bit of mediæval Europe perched on a rock and dried for keeping—a curiosity that has not its equal in its kind this side the ocean." It has been a battle ground for centuries and the French, the English, the Indian, the American have in turn been actors in the bloody dramas played on the fortress-crowned rock. The story has been told in fiction in *Chien d'Or*, or *The Golden Dog*, by Kirby, in *The Seats of the Mighty* by Parker, and in Parkman's History, equally fascinating, if not more so, and by scores of men and women captivated by the charm of the old quaint city. But it is not the city alone that interests us. For over 250 years devout pilgrims have wended their way to this shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre in the village of La Bonne Ste. Anne, thirty-one miles from Quebec.

A large pilgrimage has just gone there from the Connecticut Valley—some from curiosity but some from conviction that here they may be "cured of all manner of diseases." We have just visited that noted place and have returned believers in facts that we cannot explain and yet cannot doubt. It is a novel sight which one sees on entering the Magnificent Cathedral here. Humble suppliants bow at the altar and the walls are packed with emblems of pain and suffering which have been the companions of years, tokens of lifelong anguish—trusses, splints, crutches, wooden casts that have been the support of the lame, spectacles, eyeglasses, which have been long used but are needed no more.

As we left the train we met a band of pilgrims, young and old, returning home with waving banners and triumphant songs. Two of the evangelistic Paulist Fathers whom we met on the steamer and a modest priest from Tadoussac answered our questions sincerely and intelligently. They told us of cases of healing that had occurred in their own families or of which they had personal knowledge. These they attributed to faith and prayer, which bear no relation whatever to the Faith Cure or Christian Science of modern times.

One of these priests told of his sister, a confirmed invalid for long years, who was healed. Another, of a man born blind who received sight and immediately detected a small scar on the priest's hand, asking, "What is that on your hand?" "But why," said the priest, "do I need to cite cases when these pyramids of helps used for years by poor sufferers prove the reality. From your own western Mass.achusetts a poor man, absolutely without means, worked his way slowly to this place to be healed of a long-standing trouble, and returned a well man." In reply to the question: "How do you account for this—is it the faith of the individual or of some friend?" he said: "Sometimes one comes here with absolutely no faith, but persuaded by some friend, and the desired result is attained. Not all that come are healed, but this great array of facts cannot be ignored by any intelligent man."

Over a hundred thousand tourists, we are told, visit annually this "fragment of old Palestine" to witness the religious ceremonies there, to see the costly works of art—the sanctuary and the noble pile of buildings connected with the great cathedral. These pilgrims come from various lands to see the shrine of Ste. Anne, the mother of the Virgin Mary. It is a place to which one may come entirely lacking in faith, but where scoffing and irreverence are out of place, for certainly it is to many a holy sanctuary, a house of prayer.

The story of the founding of this shrine is

familiar. Waditum tells of some Breton mariners who were overtaken some two and a half centuries ago by a violent storm on the St. Lawrence—readily believed by modern marines on this mighty river. They solemnly vowed to St. Anne that if she would rescue them they would erect a sanctuary in her honor on the spot where they should land. In fulfillment of their vow they built a small wooden chapel, which has been replaced by various structures, till now the elegant edifice raised in 1886 to the dignity of a basilica by Pope Pius IX. stands on the original site or near it. The pilgrims in earlier days were from the Province of Quebec only, but now they come from all quarters of the globe.

S. E. B.

Two Voyagers

Two butterflies went out at noon
And waltzed above a stream,
Then stepped on through the firmament
And rested on a beam;

And then together bore away
Upon a shining sea—
Though never yet, in any port,
Their coming mentioned be;

If spoken by the distant bird,
If met in ether sea
By frigate or by merchantman,
Report was not to me.

—Emily Dickinson.

The Pleasures of House-boating

In the *Outlook* for June 2 Mr. William Gillette, the well-known playwright and actor, tells a funny story of his first experience as host of a house-boat:

It is a good test of an American's loyalty to invite him to be your guest for a day or two aboard your house-boat. I have tried it scores of times, and found many surprises. The first house-boat party was a great disillusion, but it taught me a valuable lesson. It was some years ago, when I was not many months in the sport. I had fitted up a commodious affair after the English pattern, and really thought I had something worthy of the Thames, if not, indeed, of the Hudson. The larder was well stocked, and above and below decks everything was conformable to a clubman's idea of comfort. There were about a dozen in the party, all told, and we started up from the Battery with great *éclat*.

I think we were about an hour and a half making Harlem River, and in that time I had lost about half my complement of guests. It was a great disappointment; but these fellows simply could not bear to see all sorts of river-craft flitting by us. The fact that almost any tug could have made rings around us all the way up the course seemed a sort of reflection on their progressiveness. They were polite and congratulatory, but visibly bored. One by one the truants slipped a bank-note into the pilot's hands, and, with the boat swinging skillfully up near this dock and that, the renegades hopped ashore, tipping their hats with somewhat the same apology, "Awfully sorry, old chap, but that's too confounded slow for me!" and started for Long Branch, Newport, Saratoga, or the Adirondacks, where they could take their recreations as violently as suited their spirit of touch-and-go. Since that time I have been very careful whom I invite to cruise with me along the Sound, up the Hudson or the Connecticut; for these overprogressive people, who are so brilliant in club-room or *foyer*, over the midnight damask after the play, or dashing up Fifth Avenue by automobile or behind fast trotters, are easily bored, and consequently boresome in turn, out of their element.

An Alaskan Flower Garden

We always expect John Burroughs to tell us about birds and flowers, and he seldom disappoints us. Even in Alaska he found a flower garden well worth seeing, which he describes in the *August Century*:

We all climbed the mighty emerald billow that rose from the rear of the village [Kadiak], some of us repeatedly. From the ship it looked as smooth as a meadow, but the climber soon found himself knee deep in ferns, grasses and a score of flowering plants, and now and then pushing through a patch of alders as high as his head. He could not go far before his hands would be full of flowers, blue predominating. The wild geranium here is light blue, and it tinged the slopes as daisies and buttercups do at home. Near the summit there were patches of most exquisite forget-me-nots of a pure, delicate blue with a yellow center. They grew to the height of a foot, and a handful of them looked like something just caught out of the sky above. Here, too, were a small, delicate lady's slipper, pale yellow striped with maroon, and a pretty dwarf rhododendron, its large purple flower sitting upon the moss and lichen. The climber also waded through patches of lupine, and put his feet upon bluebells, Jacob's ladder, iris, saxifrage, cassinias and many others. The song birds that attracted our notice were the golden-crowned sparrow and the little hermit thrush. The golden crown had a peculiarly piercing, plaintive song, very simple, but very appealing. There were only three notes, but they were out of the depths of the bird's soul. In them was all the burden of the mystery and pathos of life.

"Jacking" Deer for the Camera

Mr. George Shiras in the *Independent* describes his method of taking deer photographs. On the bow of his canoe he mounts two cameras and above them a lamp with a strong reflector. Equipped with photographic plates and flashlights, he starts out on a warm dark night:

Soon the quick ear of the men in the boat detect the sound of a deer feeding among the lily beds that fringe the shore. Knee deep in the water he is moving contentedly about munching his supper of thick green leaves. The lantern spins about on its pivot, and the bore of light chases up and down the bank whence the noise came. A moment more and two bright balls shine back from under the fringe of trees; 150 yards away the deer has raised his head. Straight for the mark of the shining eyes the canoe is sent with firm, silent strokes. The distance is only 100 yards, now it is only fifty, and the motion of the canoe is checked till it is gliding forward almost imperceptibly. Twenty-five yards now, and the question is, will he stand a moment longer? The flashlight apparatus has been raised well above any obstructions in the front of the boat, the powder lies in the pan ready to ignite at the pull of a trigger. Closer comes the boat, and still the red eyeballs watch it; what a strange phenomenon this pretty light is; nothing like it has ever been seen on the lake during all the days of his deerhood. Fifteen yards now, and the tension is becoming great. Suddenly there is a click, and a white wave of light breaks out from the bow of the boat—deer, hills, trees, everything stands for the moment in the white glare of noonday. A dull report and then a veil of inky darkness descends. Just a tenth of a second has elapsed, but it has been long enough to trace the picture of the deer on the plates of the cameras, and long enough to blind for the moment the eyes of both deer and men.

The Home

The Shepherd's Way

BY JAMES BUCKHAM

By many a way the sheep are led,
Through valleys green, o'er mountains dread;
But by whatever path they fare,
The Shepherd goes before them there.

Poor, troubled flock, forget your fear,
Who have the Shepherd ever near?
Can ye not trust the way he goes,
Through velvet grass or bitter snows?

Think, as ye follow, how alone
His feet have bled on ice and stone;
How up against the toilsome steep
He bears the lamb for which ye weep.

O shame, if any shall refuse
To tread the path which he doth choose!
Dear flock, in sweet assurance dwell;
The Shepherd's way is well—is well.

The Problem of the Servantless

Only eighteen percent of the households of America, it is said, can or do afford to hire domestic help. "The problem of the servant girl," therefore, sinks into comparative insignificance beside the problem of the servantless. What can be done to ease the housemothers who, from January to January, toil alone—that is the real problem. Allowing for the childless, and those whose children have grown up and left them, who perhaps may be said to require no household aid, the overworked and unhelped mothers must still constitute a large majority. It is a relief to think of the help that children, rightly trained and guided, might be, and are, and that this helpfulness is an essential part of their education. It is a comfort to know that, with all its shams and adulterations, the march of invention is bringing more and more to make housekeeping easy. It is something that co-operation in certain departments seems coming nearer and nearer. But the separate individuality of the household, which is the key to civilization as Americans understand it, cannot be maintained without self-denying work. Unaided it must often be, since straitened means are the rule and competent servants few, but unrecognized it ought not to be, either by those who are its beneficiaries or by the community, which profits so immeasurably by the maintenance of the home.

"Papa's Letter" We are too apt to regard public servants, such as postmen, policemen, conductors, clerks, in the light of machines existing for our convenience, rather than as personal beings with human feelings like our own. Now and then, however, if our eyes are open, we catch a glimpse of an official's personality—it may be through the tender way in which a child is lifted off a car, or chivalrous attention to an old woman—and we realize that these public servants have hearts beneath their uniforms. A pretty incident, showing a postman's kindness, occurred this summer. A little girl on Cape Cod wrote a letter to her absent father toiling in a big city office building. It was addressed simply to "Papa," but it gave also the street and number of the block. The busy Boston postman who delivered mail in that region began at the top of the

great line of offices and went to room after room, saying he had a letter for Papa from Osterville, until, when he had come down seven stories, he finally found its rightful owner. That mail-carrier must have been a father himself, we think, to have taken so much trouble to deliver the childish letter. At all events, he was a man with warm human feelings.

Deerfield Handiwork

BY MARGARET HAMILTON WELCH

The movement to promote in rural communities an industrial activity that shall have a deterrent effect in keeping the youth of the region from swelling the ranks of the city's unemployed is becoming noticeable. In New York, last spring, at the residence of Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, was held an interesting exhibit of the work of Southern women in laces and embroideries. Much of it was done by women living in isolated districts, in mountain fastnesses, perhaps, or in lonely homes, miles remote from even a post office. Some of the specimens were crude and unsalable, but by far the larger part were beautiful both in design and execution. So encouraging was the interest and so large were the sales that it is planned to make the exhibition an annual one. Mrs. Pryor and some of the ladies who have assisted her are endeavoring to improve and develop the handicraft which they have undertaken to represent in the city market, and it is believed that this is the beginning of a valuable movement in behalf of these isolated workers.

The rug weavers of the Southern mountains, the bedspreads woven by the North Carolina women, the wall and floor rugs produced by the farmers' wives and daughters in New Hampshire, the book-binding and illuminating of the Roycrofters of East Aurora are other phases of the same industrial movement.

Perhaps in no one community has there been such marked progress in this revival or development of village arts and crafts as at Deerfield, Mass., the place forever sacred to tragic memories of early Indian warfare. The town is now the center of several prosperous industries and the display last week of the Arts and Crafts Association was interesting and suggestive. These exhibitions it is proposed to hold biennially, dating from the initial display of last year. The recent one, though an intermediate event, and therefore somewhat less elaborate, perhaps, was highly satisfactory. All the work shown was of this year's output. The rug industry at Deerfield has flourished for a number of years, and the walls of the room where the display was made were hung with a large and varied assortment of these products of the community. They are an adaptation of the old-fashioned rag carpet weaving, whose admirable lasting qualities are preserved, and whose crude tones of former times are transformed into the soft and pleasing art shades of modern taste.

The largest display was that made by the Deerfield Blue and White Needlework Society. For the benefit of the few who may not know of this now famous association it may be explained that it was founded by a couple of Deerfield ladies and grew from an attempt made by them to copy for preservation some old

colonial embroideries that, housed in Deerfield's well-known museum of such relics, were fast yielding to the destroying tooth of time. The work quickly proved not only intensely interesting, but full of possibilities, and the reproduction of old colonial needlework on linens manufactured specially for the purpose, the designs worked with thread dyed after formulae in use one and two centuries ago, has followed. The women of the vicinity have been instructed in the industry, and the supply has never yet been equal to the demand.

A beautiful piece shown in the current exhibition was a bedspread and a pair of pillow covers, which was a New York order and is intended as a gift to a young girl, to be treasured and handed down as an heirloom. The work was done in a straying design to cover the top of the bed and follow the linen over the edges to the floor in the service of a valance. The pattern was an artistic combination of several authenticated colonial designs and was most effective. In addition, there were many table sets, curtains, scarfs, doilies, etc., in the several shades of blue and white that are distinctively the society's work and some wrought in other colors. Several patterns were done on the homespun linen of Kentucky. This is furnished by the students of Berea College, who grow the flax, color and spin the thread and weave the fabric as a means to assist in the defraying of their educational expenses.

The Basket Makers of Deerfield, representing its latest industry, gave a surprisingly good and complete exhibit, considering they have been at work for less than a year, and are so pressed with orders that they can by no means keep abreast of them. This work is a revival of the old-fashioned palm-leaf weaving, a common accomplishment with our grandmothers and great-grandmothers in the days when hats of this make were legal tender at the country store.

Mrs. Wynne and Miss Putnam entered a considerable amount of their rare and unique work in metal and leather, and the Misses Allen had a large display of their artistic photographs, many of which have gone throughout the country since last autumn in magazines and periodicals. A Polish farm-hand living in the vicinity showed examples of his skill in modeling Magyar baskets from the native willows. The village blacksmith put the impress of his artistic progress in the finely-wrought and originally-designed hinges which he supplied to a wooden desk bench, burnt by Miss Whiting in a design of pine cones, and a wooden chest, beautifully decorated by Mrs. Wynne.

Other interesting individual exhibits, all samples of products that have proved commercially valuable, were a revelation to the visiting stranger of the promising possibilities of these village industrial enterprises, which ought, most truly, to be called philanthropies.

To repress a hard answer, to confess a fault, to stop, whether right or wrong, in the midst of self-defense, in gentle submission—these sometimes require a great struggle for victory, but these three efforts are the golden threads with which domestic happiness is woven.—Caroline Gilman.

Closet and Altar

The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous.

God is the Master of the scenes; we must not choose which part we shall act; it concerns us only to be careful that we do it well, always saying, "If this please God, let it be as it is"; and we who pray that God's will may be done in earth as it is in heaven must remember that the angels do whatsoever is commanded them and go wherever they are sent and refuse no circumstances; and if their employment be crossed by a higher degree, they sit down in peace and rejoice in the event.

—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Every trial of our faith is but a trial of His faithfulness.—*Frances R. Havergal.*

I go to prove my soul;
I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! What time, what circuit first,
I ask not; but unless God sends his hail
Or blinding fireballs, sleet or stifling snow,
In good time, his good time, I shall arrive.
He guides me and the bird. In his good time.

—*Robert Browning.*

Perhaps you sit in darkness, but the Lord will be your light. It is darkest a little before the break of day. Be patient, then, and wait for God in the use of all his means, and the good hour will come.

—*John Mason.*

Do what you can in the steady belief that God is at the helm. He demands your service and you need his direction.—*Hannah More.*

No garment of this life fits exactly. There was only one seamless robe. But we mustn't take thought for raiment, you see. The body is more. And at last—somehow, sometime—we shall be all clothed perfectly with His righteousness.

—*Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.*

Well I know thy trouble,
O my servant true;
Thou art very weary,
I was weary too;
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all mine own,
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near my throne.

—*John M. Neale, tr.*

God often breaks the cistern to bring us to the fountain. He withers our gourds that he himself may be our shade.

Grant unto us, Almighty God, that when our vision fails, and our understanding is darkened; when the ways of life seem hard, and the brightness of life is gone—to us grant the wisdom that deepens faith when the sight is dim, and enlarges trust when the understanding is not clear. And whenever thy ways in nature or in the soul are hard to be understood, then may our quiet confidence, our patient trust, our loving faith in thee be great; and as children knowing that they are loved, cared for, guarded, kept, may we with a quiet mind at all times put our trust in the unseen God. So may we face life without fear and death without fainting; and, whatsoever may be in the life to come, give us confident hope that whatsoever is best for us both here and hereafter is thy good pleasure, and will be thy law. Amen.

The Beggar

A beggar through the world am I—
From place to place I wander by.
Fill up my pilgrim's scrip for me,
For Christ's sweet sake and charity!

A little of thy steadfastness,
Rounded with leafy gracefulness,
Old oak, give me—
That the world's blasts may round me blow,
And I yield gently to and fro,
While my stout-hearted trunk below
And firm-set roots unshaken be.

Some of thy stern, unyielding might,
Enduring still through day and night
Rude tempest-shock and withering blight,
That I may keep at bay
The changeful April sky of chance
And the strong tide of circumstance,
Give me, old granite gray.

Some of thy pensiveness serene,
Some of thy never-dying green,
Put in this scrip of mine,
That griefs may fall like snowflakes light,
And deck me in a robe of white,
Ready to be an angel bright,
O sweetly-mournful pine.

A little of thy merriment,
Of thy sparkling light content,
Give me, my cheerful brook,
That I may still be full of glee
And gladnessomeness, where'er I be,
Though fickle fate hath prisoned me
In some neglected nook.

Heaven help me! how could I forget
To beg of thee, dear violet!
Some of thy modesty,
That blossoms here as well unseen,
As if before the world thou'dst been,
O give, to strengthen me.

—*J. R. Lowell.*

Georgie's First Falsehood

We have already called attention to Elizabeth Harrison's beautiful book for mothers and teachers, "The Children of the Foothills." It is a story describing the experiences of two kindergartners, Margaret Sayre and the narrator, who spent a year in a remote California cabin and interested themselves in two unspoiled, natural mountain children, Georgie, a boy of four and a half, and his sister Lena of six years. Froebel's "Mother-Play Book" was given to them as any picture-book, and when they selected a picture Margaret told them a story. Games and songs about it followed, and gradually the principle behind them all took root in the children's own consciousness and experience.

One of the most suggestive chapters is about the "Coo-coo Song." The children had played the coo-coo game, hiding and calling to each other and thinking a good deal about the voice from an unseen spot. Gradually they imagined the roosters in the barnyard and the distant locomotive whistle to be saying "Coo-coo" to them, thus transferring the game from themselves to another. Whenever Margaret called "Coo-coo" Georgie felt impelled to run to her. As he thus learned to respond to a call from an unseen source, she took pains to awaken and develop the habit of obedience to the voice of conscience.

One day the clouds were blowing back and forth, now touching the peaks of the mountains, now disappearing behind them.

"The clouds seem to be playing Hide

and Seek with the mountains," said Margaret, laughingly.

Both children looked up and watched for a time the slow disappearance and gradual reappearance of the white mist.

"Do the clouds call 'Coo-coo'?" asked Georgie.

"No," replied Lena, "they are too soft to have any voice."

"Ah!" said Margaret, "the softest thing in the world can speak to us if we will only listen to it." And her own voice, as she spoke the words, was low and gentle. Then, sitting down beside them, she told in her own inimitable way the story of Elijah and the still small voice. . . .

The attitude of the children throughout the story showed their absorbed attention and when Margaret had finished it Georgie remained with his chin resting on his hand, his eyes looking off in the distance as if he, too, were listening to the still, small voice. The children asked to have the story of Elijah repeated to them until they were familiar with its every detail.

A week or two after this, as we sat reading under the shade of a large chestnut tree, Georgie came round the corner of the cabin and started down the path toward his own home. There was a sly, cautious expression upon his face and a certain slinking away of his body which indicated that he did not wish to be seen by us. Margaret had long ago learned, as do all kindergartners, that a child's body mirrors the condition of his mind by giving uninterrupted expression to the inner mood.

"Come here, Georgie," she said pleasantly.

He shook his head.

"Georgie," she said sternly, "come to me. I wish to speak to you."

He hesitatingly obeyed. As he neared us the corners of his mouth showed that he had been eating some custard which had been placed in the kitchen window to cool.

"Georgie," said Margaret solemnly as she drew the reluctant little body toward her, "you have been eating our custard without asking our permission. Don't you remember I told you that everything in our house was ours and you must not take anything without asking permission?"

"I didn't eat your custard," replied Georgie, "the cat got it."

Margaret paused for a moment, looking straight into his eyes; then she said gently, as she took her arm from around him, "Go over to the corner of the porch and sit down and shut your eyes and listen until you hear the still, small voice within you telling you what to say to me."

The boy turned and slowly walked over to the corner of the porch and sat down with his back to us. We were all silent. Margaret's face was stern and full of pain. It was Georgie's first lie to her.

The strain lasted but a few minutes. Georgie soon rose, turned and came towards us. As he neared Margaret he said in a low tone of voice, "I ate the custard, Miss Marg'et."

The stern look vanished and in its place came a radiant smile as she with motherly tenderness gathered him in her arms and said in the hushed, reverent tone pe-

The Conversation Corner

THESE pictures were sent me the other day, and I like them. They show two happy children—and children, of all folks in this world, ought to be happy! And I do not think it is very hard work to make them happy. That boy has got the secret. He is at work. Children like to be doing something—"tis their nature to." It is not my business to give advice to parents, but I will advise boys to play *work*—and have some real fun! Instead of spending your pennies for gum and candy and fire-crackers, save them and buy a shovel and a hoe and a rake and a cart. Dig in the dirt, haul sand and stones, build a house and a barn, with a yard for the cows and a pen for the pigs. Put on some overalls, like Richard in the picture—he did not write me a letter, but I understand that is his name. If Margaret is on hand, as in the picture, she can attend to the making of the mud pies!

I advise children, too, to be born in the country, and live there as long as they can. Of course, if they are so unfortunate as to live in the city, they must make the best of it. But the boys and girls who are brought up in the country and whose fathers are farmers ought to be thankful. They are almost sure to be healthier and happier. The boy who grows up there, learning the secrets of the farm and having his own part of the work, enjoys himself as he goes along after a better fashion than the city boy does. In most country towns nowadays there are good schools and libraries. When he has got a good, practical education he can settle on his father's farm, or get another, and by industry, economy and good management carry it on profitably. Some healthy and bright girl will smile on him, go and live with him in the farmhouse, and be interested with him in making life on their farm a success and a joy.

Perhaps all this seems a long way from the little fellow in the picture, but somehow he set me a-thinking about the thousands of boys in the country towns, who read this page and who will be soon deciding what occupation to choose, and where they will live. I wish they would think carefully—and their parents for them—whether they will be likely to be any more successful or happy by rushing into the crowded city and its exciting struggles. In a few cases they will probably get more or quicker riches, but riches do not make success nor happiness. Well, let us now read some of our letters—from boys in the country.

The first one is from the little boy in Maine, who was mentioned in the Corner of June 21. The savings bank treasurer gave me his name and I sent him a certificate of membership in the Corner. He is not yet six years old and prints his letter.

Dear Mr. Martin: I thank you for my letter. I can see Mt. Katahdin from my window. My little black kitten's name is Rosy. I have 5 bosses. I feed milk to them. They can eat hay. I keep them in a pasture near the house. I have a coop for them to go under nights. I have a lane so the cows go out alone to the pasture. I study at home. For I live 2 miles from school. I never go to Sunday school. [His mother explains that the church (Congregationalist) of which they are members is seven miles away.] I am going to save my money to go to the University at Orono, if I can learn enough to enter there. I hope I can go. I am so glad to belong to the Conversation Corner. I can talk a little

here, and we had speeches and singing and a picnic dinner. I have a yoke of steers and I haul wood with them. I drive them with a goad and my voice. I fill the wood-box and get the cows and help milk them. I help papa get in the hay. I have a little garden. Blueberries grow in our pasture. The Saco River is near us. This is the second letter I have written with ink. Miss B. of Boston is boarding here.

Hiram, Me.

WADSWORTH P.

There's another happy Maine farmer boy! We mentioned that General Wadsworth in the Corner last year (Sept. 7) and his son, Lieut. Henry Wadsworth, U. S. N., who was killed on the coast of Tripoli in 1804, at the age of nineteen. He gave his name to his nephew, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. The name and the genius still seem to keep in the family, for I remember that in the exhibition exercises of an academy which I attended in June the class poet was a boy of the same names, although reversed.

The next boy wrote us from Boston a year or two ago, but has changed his home to the country now:

Dear Mr. Martin: It is a long time since you and I have heard from each other, but I have not forgotten you. It is a little over a year since my mother died. I am now living on a farm. I earn my board by doing chores. I take care of a horse and a cow, a calf and about fifty hens, and milk the cow. I go to school and am in the last class in the grammar school. Wampum Rock, that you asked about, is not where it was. A part of it was used in building a Catholic church in Attleboro. Good By.

Wrentham, Mass. JOHN M.

One of my little neighbor boys is camping out in your town now—on Whiting's Pond. Why don't they call it Wallomonopaug, which was the ancient Indian name of that region? Paug always means pond, as you know. Now we will take a big jump across the continent. I suspect that this writer is a pretty old "boy"!

Mr. Martin: Can I be in the Corner? I like to read it. I am — years old. We have a horse and a cow and I take care of them. When I go to the barn in the morning Harry—that's the horse—whinnies to me and puts his nose to my face, just as if he was going to kiss me. When he whinnies the chickens run, for they know it is time they are to be fed. I have 7 little turkeys. I guess you can have some to eat if you come to California. Harry will eat peaches and figs and English walnuts; shells and all.

Carpenteria, Cal. THOMAS W.

"I guess" that this "boy" is descended from Gen. Artemas Ward, whose ancient home in Shrewsbury, Mass., the Corner had a picture of about two years ago. Gen. Peleg Wadsworth was aide to General Ward in the beginning of the Revolution (at Roxbury)—is it not curious that their great-grandsons, living, respectively, in Maine and California, should have letters on the same page one hundred and twenty-five years after?

Mr. Martin



Welsh. My father can talk it fast. Thank you for printing me your letter. I just love Mr. — [the treasurer] he is so good to me. So I am glad he is your friend too. Well, dear Mr. Martin, when you come to Maine, come to see me. From

Milo, Me. TOM H.

There is a happy farmer boy for you! With the energy inherited from his ancestors in Wales and in the Highlands of Scotland he will be likely to succeed. We hope to hear more about his farming and his studies.

Dear Mr. Martin: I should like to join the Cornerers. I am ten years old. I have a sister, eight years old, who sometime may join the Corner also. [Whenever she applies.—Mr. M.] We live in the house which my great-great-grandfather, Gen. Peleg Wadsworth, built in 1800. We had a centennial in June. About 200 people came, 80 of whom were relatives. Miss Alice Longfellow was

Christ's Ideals of Character*

V. The Working Spirit

BY REV. A. E. DUNNING

It seems probable that Jesus had retired to the region east of the Jordan when he sent forth the seventy disciples as missionaries. The lessons he taught there during the four months before his final visit to Jerusalem have little connection with the localities. But the ruins which still remain of many populous towns in that section show what a busy missionary field it was. We know little of the impression made by his labors there. But his method of carrying them on affords us a revelation of his ideal for those who worked with him then and for those who work now in his name. It was a field where little or nothing was known of him or his mission. We cannot literally apply his instructions to Christian workers today. But these instructions enable us to answer the question, What must the Christian do to spread the gospel of the kingdom? We are shown:

1. *The abundant harvest.* No one can do much for Christ unless he expects great results from his labors. Carey's motto going into India, when foreign missions were thought a foolhardy waste, is the only one that will insure success—"Attempt great things for God. Expect great things from God." How can faith expect great things? Because the principles which Christ taught are fitted for mankind. We may therefore reasonably expect that men will receive these principles when they understand them. That was Christ's sublime confidence. He saw the harvest ready. The one lack was laborers. So it is today. Near and far the fields are white to the eyes of men of faith. To some we may speak. To others beyond the reach of our own voice we may send a messenger. We must not make the mistake of praying only for ministers professionally trained. Our Master would have us pray that every man may be a laborer and every woman, too, and act according to our prayers. Souls ready today to receive the gospel may never again be ready, if it is not offered to them now. White fields, rich harvests, few laborers—who can reap well unless he gives to the work his utmost strength and enthusiasm?

2. *The source of confidence.* For safety the worker must rely on him who sends him. He is among wolves. But he is a lamb among them, and his success depends on his maintaining among them a character for trustfulness, kindness, simplicity. Only God can keep him from destruction. And sometimes death is the way in which he is called to testify. Think of that army of Christians whose lives have been quenched in blood during recent weeks in China. Did God protect them? To answer that question we must learn the meaning of Christ's promise: "Some of you shall cause to be put to death. . . . And not a hair of your head shall perish." The Christian worker must trust God for everything. Once Christ sent him forth without purse or wallet. At another time he commanded him to

take purse and wallet and sword. But whatever he takes he must regard it simply as means to use for the great end of his life, to spread the gospel.

3. *The message delivered.* The seventy who went through Perea had not much to say, for as yet they knew little. But as far as it went, it was the same to those who welcomed and to those who rejected them—"The kingdom of God is come nigh." Of the doctrine of the cross they knew nothing, of the nature of the kingdom next to nothing. They simply proclaimed its coming. To those who received the tidings they brought healing for the sick, while to those who rejected them they gave a warning, coupled still with invitation. Like their Master, they were to be kind to the unthankful and the evil. The Christian worker carries with him a spirit of reverence toward God and an unobtrusive interest in men which will bring a benediction to every son of peace—that is, to every one who can appreciate it. Even if no son of peace is in the house, he is to remain in it during his time of labor there if he is made welcome. For many a time a gift offered to be used in Christ's service is the first step of the giver toward the consecration of himself to that service.

In the convulsions of China, Africa and India it is claimed that the missionary is a disturber of peace. In a sense it is true. Christ said: "I came not to send peace on the earth, but a sword." Christian principles clash with those of barbarism and ancient civilizations which have not known him. Why not let these nations alone? Because they are part of mankind whom Christ came to redeem. Because the woes which Christ pronounced over Capernaum, Chorazin and Bethsaida impend over them unless they hear and accept the gospel. Because the spirit which crucified Christ in Judea, which has put many thousands of his disciples to awful tortures in China during these last months, is to be conquered by the spirit of love and truth for the sake of mankind. The reasons which would forbid missionaries to go into Asia today would have kept Christ out of Palestine and out of the world. He has sent his disciples to deliver his message, which is far richer, fuller, more forceful than was that of the seventy in Perea. Our news is of the establishment of the kingdom of God. Our invitation to men is to enter in. At whatever cost we must deliver the message everywhere or repudiate it for ourselves.

4. *The assurance of success.* The sev-

enty returned with joy because their triumphs had been beyond their expectations. Their enthusiasm kindled afresh that of their Master. What must be his joy now at the harvests being gathered in the world's wide field! I take from a secular daily paper, the *St. Louis Globe Democrat*, this unbiased testimony of the fruits of modern missions:

To an observer who takes a station above these passing mists and individual peculiarities, the fact is clearly seen that Christianity as a whole is moving forward with a greater sweep than at any previous time in the history of civilization. The races that are pressing on in every continent, that are virile, masterful, never resting, that direct the essential affairs of the world, are those that have been molded and are now guided by Christian influences. The night of Africa and the slumber of Asia are broken on every side of those continents by agencies that owe their training and their power to the elevating effects of Christianity. Since this fact is true without exception in every part of the earth, it is strange that it should ever be doubted or denied.

With such evidence before the Christian Church, shall she not press steadily on to the conquest of the world, in full assurance of the Master's promise, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end"?

The Church Prayer Meeting

Topic, Aug. 26-Sept. 1. Righteous and Unrighteous Anger. *Jon. 4; John 2: 13-17; Acts 13: 6-11.*

When is it right to be angry? When wrong? How to discriminate.

[For prayer meeting editorial see page 236.]

There is a pleasant flavor of antiquity in these celebrations of the 250th anniversary of this or that town, such as that at Topsfield, Mass., last week. But when you are privileged, as were the members of *The Congregationalist's* party in 1896 at Norwich, Eng., to help celebrate an 800th anniversary, that of the founding of the famous, venerable cathedral, then you feel as if you really were in touch with the remote past. By the way, Gloucester Cathedral is just celebrating its 800th anniversary also. We hope they have some sympathetic Americans on hand to help jubilate.

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* The Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 2. Text, Luke 10: 1-24. International Lesson, The Seventy Sent Forth.

Literature

Modern Literary Productiveness

Fifty years ago the author of a book was conspicuous on that account. Although books had become numerous, they were not so many that a certain distinction did not accompany the mere fact of authorship. Now in order to be equally eminent one must write a book which becomes talked about. Whether it be a novel, a history or a treatise on theology, it must be conceded above the average or the author gains from it little, if any, repute. The older writers are put to their mettle to keep their leadership. The younger ones, who have come up like a flood, not only rival each other sharply but aim for the highest honors from the first, and sometimes win them, so far as can be inferred from the records of sales.

The number of those who can be classed in the front rank of course is small. But that of those who crowd close upon their heels and fairly belong in the second rank is legion. It would be almost incredible, if it had not become apparent, that so many persons have proved capable of writing really excellent and admirable books. In some departments of literature it can be accounted for. For instance, the superior training in the study of history which the universities have been giving for a quarter of a century has produced only its natural fruit in the scholarly, scientific excellence of the newer histories. But no equally satisfactory explanation can be given of the superiority of so many more or less recent novels. Some of them have been written by authors of little or no previous experience, and many exhibit an ability which, without immortalizing their writers, certainly has secured them considerable fame and money. There must be much more latent literary power in the generation now passing from youth into middle life than has been suspected.

What the outcome is to be time only can reveal. Probably success will stimulate production and some works better than any yet written will appear, although a majority of the authors now conspicuous are more likely to deteriorate than to improve in the quality of their work. Doubtless many will prove to be what Sydney Smith called "one-book men." But some will do better in future than in the past, and that will mean fine work indeed. It will be strange, too, if the stimulus of present success be not also felt laterally, so to speak. That is, some writers who have done well in one department of literature will be encouraged by their success to enter this or that other department, less thronged or for which they are conscious of some special fitness, and some among them doubtless will succeed again. One thing is certain and is gratifying. The standard of literary work has risen distinctly. In order to succeed a book of any sort must be much superior to what it would have had to be a half, or even a quarter of, a century ago.

New Testament Theology

Dr. E. P. Gould, the author of *The Biblical Theology of the New Testament*,* in lectures before his classes in the Phil-

* Macmillan Co. 75 cents.

adelphia Divinity School has undertaken to "find his way through the New Testament" as the critics have found a way through the Old Testament. These lectures make up a modest but scholarly volume, embodying his views of the results of modern critical study and explaining the characteristics of the different books. Its six divisions are devoted respectively to The Teaching of Jesus, The Teaching of the Twelve, The Teaching of Paul, The Later Apostolic Writings, The Non-Johannean Writings of the Alexandrian Period, and The Johannean Writings. Questions of authorship are discussed with caution and fairness, and the conclusion is reached that we have only probability as to authorship instead of certainty in most cases, e. g., the epistles of James and I. Peter. In regard to Ephesians and Colossians he regards composite authorship as quite as probable as that we owe them to Paul alone. The Apocalypse he distinctly denies to be Johannean and does not believe it the work of any of the Twelve.

Its Jewish Messianism is of the most pronounced type. But John, to whom it has been attributed, was not even a leader in the party of the circumcision, much less in the extreme section of that party, and the idea that it proceeds from the circle of the Twelve is therefore quite improbable [p. 125].

The Synoptic Gospels, he thinks, represent the later rather than the earlier teaching of the apostles. The Pastoral epistles seem to be un-Pauline because of their Alexandrianism and their appeal to authority, and to the authority of the church, which implies a united church, teaching one doctrine, which did not exist in Paul's time. Probably the Johannean writings really are the work of some disciple of John. As to the New Testament teaching, it is shown how that of Jesus, which had for its subject the kingdom of God, the divine spiritual rule in human hearts, was materialized by the early apostles, who adhered to ceremonialism, preferred force to persuasion and narrowed the scope of the kingdom, but was reiterated by Paul. His rejection of the law as a whole, however, was opposed by the other apostles and out of this difference grew the Synoptic Gospels, which aimed to support the law, somewhat liberalized and spiritualized, by the authority of Jesus. Later, in Alexandrianism the gospel became transformed into a system of speculative philosophy. But throughout the New Testament books, whatever their peculiarities, there is a dominant ethical and spiritual note due to the teaching and influence of Jesus.

Dr. Gould is keen in analysis and candid in comparison and judgment. He has done a difficult work well, and the result is not, as some might infer from what we have just said, to destroy, or even to diminish, confidence in the New Testament, but rather to confirm its authority in spite of the uncertainties now seen to exist in regard to many details which formerly were assumed to be fixed.

Colombia and Venezuela

Hon. W. L. Scruggs, formerly United States minister to these two countries, has given some of his impressions of them in a volume, *The Colombian and*

*Venezuelan Republics.** It has in large degree the interest of a personal narrative, and it also describes with some fullness the habits and customs of the inhabitants. It gives appropriate bits of interesting ancient history and abounds in important information of all sorts.

Its main purpose appears to be political, yet, as commerce is so interwoven with politics, much attention is bestowed upon the commercial conditions and possibilities of the region under consideration. For instance, the history of the Panama Canal scheme is outlined, slavery as it exists in the Spanish-American colonies and its effects upon the development of trade are considered, the character of the democracy of the two republics and the nature and causes of the frequent revolutions there are indicated and the vegetable and mineral products are described. The chief cities also have careful notice.

There is a valuable chapter on the rights of foreigners, which citizens of other countries who are thinking of settling in the region for any considerable time should read, and there is a discussion of naturalization and denationalization, the nationality of married women, etc., which is remunerative. Several chapters are devoted to the famous Monroe Doctrine, the Mosquito Coast controversy and the Anglo-Venezuelan dispute of several years ago. Mr. Scruggs was concerned in the negotiations and therefore writes about them with full knowledge, and we have observed no absence of impartiality.

The outcome he describes as a manifest compromise, and has not the highest opinion of the utility of the boundary line established. But he believes it to have been decided upon with the best of motives and the strongest conviction of its expediency. His last chapter deals with the topic of international arbitration and he has high hopes of the success of this method of avoiding war. His volume is ably written, timely and valuable from many different points of view.

Eben Holden †

Mr. Irving Bacheller has drawn the hero and the plot of this interesting story from northern Vermont and New York, and the time must be the middle of this century. The perennial freshness and charm of rural life and character, as sources of inspiration to the novelist, are here demonstrated once more convincingly. The story is breezy and graphic, true to life, homely and wholesome, from cover to cover as a mere narrative. But it is more than an ordinary story. It is a spirited, effective study of character, and of such a character as, exceptional although it may be, most of us who know the country with anything approaching familiar acquaintance can certify to be real.

Uncle Eb., the true hero, is a simple, plain, unpretending man, with no thought that he is in any sense a hero, and merely intent on living a good, useful life and on helping others. He is a rugged, shrewd, sagacious, humorous man, who seems old from the beginning yet who also has the secret of perpetual youth, who can be

* Little, Brown & Co. \$2.50.

† Lothrop Publishing Co. \$1.50.

stern but loves to be tender, who can keep a secret and manage others for their own good without affording them any suspicion of what he is doing, and can refuse at last to take much credit to himself.

In a word the book is a portraiture of consistent, beautiful unselfishness, and this makes it notable. Indirectly and unobtrusively but with great effect it preaches to the reader the gospel of self-sacrificing human love, which is closely akin to that of the divine love. It is a thoroughly entertaining novel and one of the noblest in character.

The New Books

* * * In some cases, books announced in this department will be reviewed editorially later.

RELIGION

The Second International Congregational Council. Edited by Rev. E. C. Webster, pp. 566. Publishing Committee of the Council, Boston. \$2.00.

FICTION

The Girl at the Halfway House. By E. Hough. pp. 371. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

Lone Pine, the Story of a Lost Mine. By R. B. Townshend. pp. 400. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 50 cents.

An old novel republished. A stirring picture of life among the Pueblo Indians. Quite entertaining.

MISCELLANEOUS

The International Year Book for 1899. Edited by Profs. F. M. Colby and H. T. Peck. pp. 887. \$3.00.

In South Africa with Buller. By G. C. Musgrave. pp. 364. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$2.00.

The Crisis in China. By Pres. G. B. Smith, Hon. John Barrett and Others. pp. 271. Harper & Bros.

South America, Social, Industrial and Political. By F. G. Carpenter. pp. 625. Saalfield Co., Akron, O.

Practical Composition and Rhetoric. By Prof. W. E. Mead and Mr. W. F. Gordy. pp. 372. Sibley & Dueker. \$1.00.

Uncommonly full, well arranged and suggestive. Based upon Professor Mead's Elementary Composition and Rhetoric, but so revised as to be practically new. An excellent book.

Notes

Jules Verne is now seventy-three years old.

Most of the old landmarks of New York city are now marked by tablets appropriately inscribed. This should be done everywhere, for historic spots quickly become forgotten.

Mr. Leslie Stephen says that Wordsworth, when poet laureate of England, wore to levees the same coat which Samuel Rogers had worn, and that, when Tennyson succeeded to the office, the coat was passed on to him. If Alfred Austin has it now it must hang loose about him.

Mr. Joseph L. Smith, of Boston, has leave from the sultan of Turkey to make drawings of the great Greek sarcophagus from Lidon, in Phoenicia. It was discovered in 1887 and is believed to date back to the fourth century, B. C.

Fords, Howard & Hulbert have in press a novel by Rev. Dr. Alexander S. Twombly, entitled Keleia, the Surf-Rider. It is a romance of Pagan Hawaii and undertakes to portray the best condition of the Hawaiians before they came under the influence of Christianity.

The large number of persons who have read appreciatively Dr. Josiah Strong's Our Country and The New Era will look gladly for a new book by him soon to be issued by the Baker & Taylor Co. The title is Expansion Under New World Conditions.

The most recent critic of Ruskin thinks that his literary faculty probably was due to listening to his father, who was accustomed to read aloud, to the practice of keeping a diary containing his own impressions. But if these are sufficient to account for the result, it should have been attained by many others also.

The diaries of Marie Bashkirtseff relating to the last year of her life are about to be published. They are said to be as morbid as some of those bearing upon her preceding years. She was colossally self-conceited and far too much importance has been attached to her journals.

Summer Opportunities for City Children

VACATION SCHOOLS SUPPORTED BY THE CITY

Boston has been trying an experiment this year. For several years vacation schools have been conducted by private agencies and this year the city has been conducting three at public cost. They were situated in the Lyman School, Paris Street, East Boston; the Bowdoin School Myrtle Street, Boston; and the Aaron Davis Primary School, Yeoman Street, Roxbury.

About 2,000 have been in attendance and the majority have been fairly regular. As the attendance is purely voluntary this means that the children enjoy the school. The branches taught are nature study, drawing, music, cooking, sewing and sloyd work. Of these the nature study is the most like regular school work. If the lesson is on a certain flower, the teacher has specimens which she distributes among the children. Then she writes the name and some simple facts about it on the blackboard. The flower is carefully drawn and the facts learned. Sometimes the subject of the lesson will be a live rabbit, or a turtle. Once it was a young bear. In many cases this is the only opportunity which the city child has to become acquainted with plants and animals.

In the drawing department some very good work is exhibited and the music proves attractive. The cooking, sloyd work and sewing are much the same as in the regular schools. One advantage in having them taught at this time is in the fact that children become interested in the work and continue it during the winter. In the cooking classes the girls are taught to make bread, cookies, simple puddings and to cook vegetables. Almost invariably, they make practical use at home of what they learn.

A good deal is made of gymnastic games and the reading of books loaned by the Public Library. The children are kept busy and happy.

Beside these schools there is another attempt to keep the children off the streets by means of the sand gardens scattered through the city. These are large pits of sand situated usually in some school-yard. They are in charge of women who oversee the children playing there. Any child can come in and stay as long as the garden is open. Games are played, there is much running and jumping and sometimes—red-letter days—flowers sent by some generous friend are distributed.

WHAT ONE COLLEGE SETTLEMENT IS DOING

Tyler Street is not far from the old Boston & Albany station. The houses on either side are brick blocks. A few trees, which have escaped being cut down, do their best to brighten up the shabby street. It is not squalid, merely dreary. The people who live here do not belong to the hungry class, but are wage-earners, poor but self-respecting. Their need is not physical so much as spiritual and intellectual, for their lives are monotonous and depressed.

Denison House is on this street. Outwardly it is like the neighboring houses. Within it is very different. Two houses have been thrown together and the partitions removed from the lower floor of one, giving a large room, which is furnished with extreme simplicity and beauty. On the other side of the hall is the dining-room and above the rooms of the residents. The residents are women, many of them college graduates, who are living here to study the conditions of the wage-earners and

to help them. They come in contact with them through informal "at homes" at the house, through clubs and classes.

During the winter the life here is a busy one. Every morning a city kindergarten meets by invitation in the Green Room, as the large room is called, and in the afternoon there are boys' and girls' clubs. In the evening there are classes in manual training, sewing, cooking, elementary education and higher branches. For some years the need of a gymnasium has been felt. Within a few months a disused chapel near by has been given for that purpose and will be fitted up in the fall.

During the summer the classes do not meet and the work is somewhat changed. Two distinctively summer features are the flower distribution and the vacation school.

Every Wednesday about 125 bouquets are distributed in the neighborhood. It is hard to realize the exquisite pleasure which a few flowers give to those who live in the flowerless parts of the city. Often they make it possible to become acquainted with the neighbors by giving an excuse for a call. One member of the settlement carried flowers for several successive weeks to a woman whom she wished to know better. For a long time she was received with coldness, and a reluctant "Thanks" was the extent of the conversation. One day, however, she found waiting her a cup of tea and an invitation to stay to luncheon.

The vacation school is held in the Tyler Street public school building. It has been held for several summers, and is very successful. There is a kindergarten for the littlest ones, where they play games and make wonderful things out of colored paper. The next size—there are all sizes, and a great many of each, on Tyler Street—is the primary grade. From this room comes the sound of childlike voices, singing:

The squirrel loves a pleasant place,
Tra-la-la-la-la.
To catch him you must run a race,
Tra-la-la-la-la,

and then the scamper of feet as a little squirrel in a gingham gown is chased by stalwart hunter in knickerbockers. On the walls are hung samples of children's work. Lately they have been studying "the hot weather children," as they call those who live in the tropical zone. A large picture of them fastened low on the wall has proved an inspiration. They have made wonderful water colors of palms and camels—you can tell when the camel is intended by the hump—and have constructed huts out of cardboard. The older children model in clay and paint with water colors. In connection with the nature study weekly excursions are made into the country. In the sewing classes one sees bright bags and gay little jackets laboriously made for the baby sister. Bosom boards for ironing are popular articles in the carpentry class, appealing to the makers as practical help to the tired mother.

In one thing this vacation school is ahead of most others, for the boys are taught sewing and the girls carpentry as far as conditions will allow.

M. A. H.

Economical Living in Chicago

Friends of the University of Chicago insist that with prudent management a man and his wife can spend nine months each year in study and meet all necessary expenses with \$300. A menu for the daily meals has been prepared, and by an itemized account it is shown, as by actual experiment, that no one need stay away from the university because he is poor. Some fear lest the publication of the fact encourage students to marry, although it would seem as if the disapproval of the faculty might prevent it from becoming common. Probably many self-respecting families in Chicago do not have more than \$300 for the whole year, and think themselves fortunate if they have as much as that.

The Missionaries in China—Dead and Living

On the 15th the officials of the American Board in Boston received a cable message from United States Consul Fowler at Chefoo, dated Aug. 13, in which he said that a messenger had been sent to Paotingfu who had returned, bringing the information that the Presbyterian missionaries stationed there were killed on June 30, and the China Inland and American Board missionaries July 1. Although this message was by no means conclusive evidence, the fact that it came from Consul Fowler and contained information that apparently was credited by him and by Rev. H. D. Porter induced the Board officials to make it public. At the same time they made it clear that its value depended entirely upon the character of the messenger sent to Paotingfu, which, of course, was an unknown quantity to them.

The fact that the dates given by the messenger did not agree with those of earlier alleged reports of the massacre, the absence of reason for a divided execution of the missionaries, if executed they were by the Paotingfu officials—these and many other things made the kinsfolk of the missionaries and the officials and other Chinese missionaries of the Board now in this country unwilling to give up hope or say that they believed that the missionaries were dead. On the other hand, it was well known that Paotingfu had been a storm center of unusual Boxer fury, and Rev. George H. Ewing, just home from China, whose enforced absence from the Paotingfu station at the time of the outbreak is responsible for his being alive now—assuming that the reports from Paotingfu are true—said that the Chinese official whose word would decree death was a man who, if he had to choose between death for himself or death for the missionaries, would save himself. Up to a certain point he would befriend, but no farther.

On the 20th the State Department at Washington made public the following dispatch from Consul Fowler:

Chefoo, Aug. 15.—Evening 13th. Reported all Presbyterian missionaries Paotingfu killed June 30, premises burned . . . same (night?) Catholic mission. Rain stopped . . . work. July 1 attacked American (Board?). (Pitkin?) shot dead trying to keep gang out. Misses Morrill, Gould taken Boxer headquarters, killed. (Bagnall?) killed near (Temple?). Cooper and Belgians fate uncertain. Officials had sent all home from yamen. All natives connected foreigners suffered like fate. Authority: Special messenger sent by Tientsin missionaries. (Singed) "Fowler."

It will be noticed that it bears the same date as the dispatch to the American Board and is based on the testimony of the same messenger, the only difference being that it is more detailed in its narrative. It is open to precisely the same doubts that we have noted above, and, while increasing the foreboding, it is by no means conclusive.

With a ray of hope still left—the hope that even as so many of the reports from Peking which once filled the world with gloom have been proved fictions of the imaginations of reporters and cunning Chinese officials, so the reports from Paotingfu may be—we defer such extended reference to the careers of the American Board workers in Paotingfu as might be appropriate in case of proven martyrdom. But their lives, if not taken, are in peril, and their names and personalities should be very near and dear to the American Board constituency now.

Rev. Horace T. Pitkin was born in Philadelphia in 1869, studied at Phillips Academy, Exeter, N. H., Yale University and Union Theological Seminary, and went out to China in 1897.

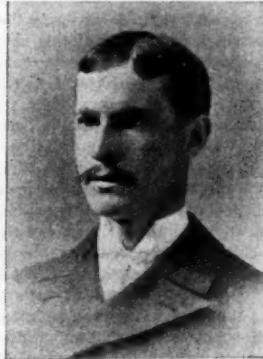
Miss Mary S. Morrill was born in 1864 in Deering, Me. She studied two years in the Farmington Normal School and taught in the public schools before she volunteered for mis-

sion work and sailed for China in 1889. She is a member of the Second Church, Portland, Me.

Miss Annie A. Gould was born in 1867 in Bethel, Me. She was educated in the schools of Portland and at Mt. Holyoke, where she graduated in 1892 with the valedictory. She sailed for China in August, 1893, going directly to Paotingfu, where she has taught the higher classes and supervised the lower-grade teachers.

The Presbyterian Board heard on the 19th from its representative in Chefoo, Mr. Elterich, that "definite news via Tientsin announces that the missionaries at Paotingfu were all killed." The missionaries of this board remaining at Paotingfu were Rev. and Mrs. F. E. Simecox and G. Yardley Taylor, M. D.

The arrival in Boston on the 14th of Rev. George Henry Ewing of the Paotingfu station, with his wife and three children, the youngest only seven weeks old, gave the officials of the American Board and the press of Boston the opportunity to question carefully one who has been a participant in some of the most trying scenes of the past ten weeks and is conversant with the field and the workers, and who, while en route home, has come in touch with other fugitive missionaries, with whom he has compared notes. Mr. Ewing left Paotingfu in May before the storm broke, bound for Peitaiho or Rocky Point, 134 miles north of Tientsin on the Chinese coast, a resort where missionaries and foreigners are wont to go for their health, conditions in his family making the journey imperative. About the middle of June reports came to this resort indicating that to linger longer there would be unsafe, and on short notice he and his family with eighty others took passage on a British transport,



REV. G. HENRY EWING
Danvers, Mass.

the Humber, and were taken to Taku. From thence on a merchant vessel they went to Chefoo, where twenty-four hours after their arrival the child expected was born. Two weeks later passage for home was taken via Korea and Japan. It can be imagined but not understood what the long journey across sea and land meant for the little family, and with what pleasure they now rest safely among their kindred in Massachusetts. Mr. Ewing speaks in the highest terms of the presidency of Rev. Arthur H. Smith and of Consul Fowler at Chefoo. If their warnings had been respected, much loss of life and property might have been saved. He has but little hope for the safety of his colleagues at Paotingfu or for the workers in the Shansi province. He denies that the hostility of the people is directed particularly at the missionaries. If it is strongest against any one class, it is against the railway engineers and builders, but of no one class can it be said it is responsible for the deep anti-foreign feeling. Mr. Ewing's opinion is, and in this he agrees with many missionaries with whom he has talked at Chefoo and in Japan since the outbreak occurred, that it will be impossible for mis-

sionaries to work in the interior for several years to come.

The China Inland Mission agents in Ottawa have heard from Shanghai of the murder of Miss H. J. Rice and Miss M. E. Huston at Lu Cheng, and the death there of Mrs. E. Cooper and three children of a missionary named Saunders from injuries received while traveling. Mrs. Cooper was from Scotland, Miss Huston from Mobile, Ala., and Miss Rice from Haydenville, Mass., where she once taught in the public schools and was an active member of the Congregational church. She fitted for her work as a missionary at the Moody Training School in Chicago, and went out to China in 1893.

The officials of the American Bible Society have heard from Shanghai that all the superintendents of that society in China are known to be safe, and most of the native colporteurs as well. Mr. Hykes, the head of the work in Shanghai, writes of ominous incidents there which show unrest among the natives.

The Protestant Episcopal Missionary Society has had word from Bishop Graves in Shanghai advising that no new missionaries be sent to China until conditions are more favorable.

A party of refugees from Hunan connected with the Canadian Presbyterian mission arrived in San Francisco last week. The party included six women, five children and five men. Dr. Leslie, who bears fifteen wounds as the result of the encounter, tells the following story, which, we fear, is typical:

When the news was received from the north by a special messenger that the various consuls had ordered all their people out of China immediately, the party started from the mission. About the tenth day of the journey we were suddenly attacked by 200 or 300 yelling Chinese robbers. Among us five there were only three revolvers. We fought like demons to protect the women and children. Several Chinese were laid low in death and several were wounded before the weapons were knocked out of our hands by stones and sword cuts. Most fortunately for our hard-pressed party, just as things were beginning to look hopeless for us, some of the Chinese pounced upon our valuables. They fell to fighting among themselves, and robbed us of everything we had.

Every Year One of Growth

Sensible counsel this which W. Robertson Nicoll gives in the *British Weekly*:

The preacher who is put down by the cry that congregations will have young men is not much to be sympathized with. Congregations will have young men, and they are right in this, but they must not reckon youth by years. Try to make every year a year of growth for mind and heart. There is one way worth trying. Take one great teacher and give him the best part of your winter. Have a Wesley winter, a Maurice winter, a Wordsworth winter, a Jonathan Edwards winter, and you will find that the company of great men is adding cubits to your stature. We are dead when we cease to grow; we cease to be ministers of Christ when we cease to be students of divinity.

Keep up all knowledge that you have acquired, and gain as much more as you can. By reading you will be distinguished; without abilities are of little use. A man may talk and write, but he cannot learn his profession without constant study to prepare, especially for the higher ranks, because there he wants the knowledge and experience of his own improved by that of others. But when in a post of responsibility he has no time to read, and if he comes to such a post with an empty skull it is then too late to fill it and he makes no figure.—*Youth's Companion*.

Our Readers' Forum

THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE COUNCIL

I heartily agree with the suggestion made in a recent *Congregationalist* that the successor to the lamented Dr. Hazen, as secretary of the National Council, should be one who should be recognized as a strong leader in the denomination—a man who would add dignity to the office and magnify its functions. The gathering of the denominational statistics has heretofore been an important part of the duties of its secretary, that I suppose for which he has received his main compensation, and yet the special abilities (and it does take genius for statistics) which are adapted to this work are not always associated with those which make a profound thinker and a wise administrator.

May I make the suggestion that it is not necessary that these two functions should inhere in the same individual; that it might be wise to select and have a secretary of the council for his value in the qualities suggested, and to select a statistician who might be his assistant and under his direction or not as might seem best, but who should be selected for this special work, which is, by no means, an unimportant one? A wise gatherer of statistics will be continually studying how they may be improved in their statement, how they may be made of use to the denomination, will welcome all suggestions tending to their improvement and will realize above all that their great object is not to fill certain columns, but to give information which is of real and vital value. I am disposed to call for a division of the question. G. M. B.

THE SWING OF THE PENDULUM TOWARD CATECHETICS

A pastor well known for his evangelistic ideals spoke a year ago in this wise: "The Lord at different times works in different ways. He is now blessing work done for the children, and it will be the most fruitful in the coming generation. We are therefore working for the children." These words voice the attitude of the men who met recently at Andover to confer concerning the wisdom and means of catechetical instruction. It was not a gathering in any wise hostile to evangelistic methods; quite the reverse. Yet the conviction stated above seemed to be unanimous. If the reasons which compelled us are adequate and true it is important that they shall receive consideration in our conferences and religious journals.

The history of methods of work in the church was reviewed to show that the evangelistic and the parochial have alternated; that principal dependence has been placed now on the one, now on the other. Our fathers in New England put large faith in parochialization. Their spiritual children have been now for a century and more living in an age of evangelism. Are the methods of the parish about to receive the major attention once more?

A firm intellectual basis for this has been laid in the new education and the new theology. Christian nurture as opposed to cataclysmic experience is congenial to both. We are being taught that there is a "psychological moment" of religious impressionableness at about the age of fourteen that is being neglected, to the peril of the child and the church's loss. An exclusively revival method is wasteful and disappointing.

The Protestant body has also a vast ministry to its unchurched similar to that which confronted the Roman priests immediately after the days of most rapid immigration from Roman Catholic countries—a problem which they solved by means of the parish catechist and which we are not solving at all. It is Luther's later problem over again, and we need, like him, to be wise enough to adapt our methods.

Some indications that this necessity is being

recognized are found in the widespread apprehension that exists among our churches lest the era of great revivals may be past—in the fact that denominations most dependent on evangelism are openly showing alarm, while those which rely on parochialism are in the ascendant.

Another consideration which must profoundly influence our methods of work is that the task of our churches has changed. We no longer have vast tracts of newly occupied territory to organize, but settled populations. What we must do is to unify and work the agencies we now have, and while by reason of their manifold character we are debarred from the most efficient parish organization, there are yet three principles on which our churches should work. They ought (1) to place every Protestant family, whether with or without its consent, under the care of a minister; (2) to create a sentiment such that no denomination will dare to break into the well worked parish of another; and (3) every church should guarantee the careful religious instruction of all its children at the proper age by the pastor.

W. H. S.

PARENTS' CO-OPERATION AND CHILDREN'S ATTENDANCE IN CATECHETICAL CLASS

In recognition of the general principle that life is governed by ideals set by those we love rather than by precepts we have learned, a first distinction made by modern education, I determined that in my catechetical work the parent must give his influence, so helpful in the work. I proposed to group the children of the parish into local classes, meeting alternately at the homes of the members of the class, and to make it a point to have the parents present at the meetings.

Experience taught that while parents would not often go with their children to the meeting of the class when held at the home of a neighbor, they might, with exceptions, be depended upon to meet with the class when the meeting was held at their own home.

The method in general accomplished this. Parents who had given the impression to their children that religion is a matter of indifference—an impression fostered by disdain of family prayer and the lack of freedom of conversation upon religious things between parent and child—these parents were now standing sponsor for all the pastor was doing, indorsing the Christian life. It is wonderful how helpful such meetings can be in adjusting the relation between parent and child on religious matters, where the indorsement of religion by the parent, given perhaps only by a sympathetic interest in the class, will accomplish more than the child's memorizing precepts or compassing ideals disowned or ridiculed by those he loves.

This method was followed for the sake of the co-operation of the parent, which is its chief value and is the pledge of a host of other values, but the attendance was a glad surprise. The average for forty children in the six classes was a trifling fraction less than thirty-five. One class met regularly at the church, and to its meetings no parents were asked to come. The attendance of this class was notably poor in comparison with that of the other classes. The few of all that were assigned to classes that could not be induced to attend belonged to this class.

To meet so many classes each week took a great deal of time, but it was very rewarding work. The time taken might be said to be the price paid for the result accomplished.

Not the least advantage of the neighborhood class lies in the fact that the pastor has thereby an uncommon chance to come in contact with each child individually, and to make friends with him and perchance win his love. It is in this region that the best in all education goes on, and in its recognition of this and

its emphasis upon it the catechetical movement gives warrant for the largest expectations. The true education is by an incarnation, and we accept it as a principle that he cannot teach successfully who is not loved.

Hadley, Mass. EDWARD E. KEEDY.

CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS AMONG THE INDIANS

There seems to be an opinion outside the Indian country that the Government is doing all that is necessary for the Indian children through the schools and for the women by means of field matrons. True, they are doing a good work, but there is more to be done by Christians in reaching the heart of the Indians through their schools, through women missionaries and the efforts of Christian ministers. For ten years I have been at work both in the schools and the homes of the Indians, and I would that I might place before people the Indians as they are.

Less than thirty years ago, when Congregationalists began work among the Teton tribe of the Dakota Indians, they opposed the new teaching and even sought to kill the *Sacred Herald*, as they call Rev. Thomas L. Riggs, who was sent among them. Assisted by his wife and native Christians from the Sisseton people, he persevered and, combining industrial teaching with his religious work, changed the warriors into a peaceful people.

The school and homes are kept in closest touch, acting and reacting each on the other. We gather in chiefly the children of the parents connected with our Christian churches in the Indian villages. We have no other school for all our people from the Cannon Ball in North Dakota to the White River and beyond in South Dakota. We are unable to reach all the little children and the young women. Santee is too far away; we cannot send them so long a distance.

The growing needs of the Indians make us feel urgently the necessity of small family schools at the outlying points. Two workers could take care of ten or fifteen children and do gospel and industrial work in the neighboring homes. We have such a school at one station. The children are received on condition that after three years they go to Oahe and afterward to Santee. Where but ten children can be accommodated, forty and fifty apply. The Indians are begging that we make the school larger and are urging that we establish another on the river. "The *Sacred Herald*'s school teaches well. It makes Christians of our boys and girls. Won't you take our money and have a school?" The old people have come to me for the last eight years, each year increasing their cry: "Teach our children, our little ones whom we cannot let go far away. We will give you food and clothing. We will work for you without pay."

Eight years ago the people said to me, "Why are you here?" As I recently came back, all along the way the salutations have been from old and young: "We are thankful that you have returned," "Our hearts are glad when we see you," "We will be strong now you are among us," "Stay and teach our little ones." Never have the people been so appreciative of efforts in their behalf, never have they been so eager for leading in Christian life.

I wish those who cannot see this clearly enough to grasp and meet the situation would travel among these people for a few weeks. Then Oahe school would not be dropped as unnecessary. It is just accomplishing what we have worked all these years to gain. What does the *Sacred Herald* say? Nearly blind and broken in health by exposure and labor in this great field, he is not discouraged. "The Lord's work cannot be frustrated. I will carry Oahe school on by faith. The Lord will provide the means." DORA B. DODGE. Remington Station on the Moreau, Cheyenne Agency, S. D.

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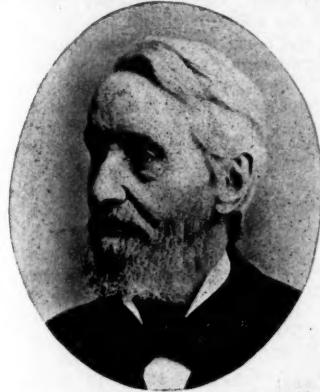
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**Rev. J. C. Holbrook,
D. D., LL. D.**

Dr. Holbrook was born in Brattleboro, Vt., Jan. 7, 1808, and died in Stockton, Cal., Aug. 1. In his early life he was a book publisher in Brattleboro and Boston. Removing to Iowa after his marriage, he was approved to preach by a Congregational association, and soon after, in 1842, became pastor of the church in Dubuque. There he labored eleven years, entering with growing influence into the religious life of the state and of the nation. In 1853 he removed to the young city of Chicago, becoming the first pastor of the New England Church and the editor of the *Congregationalist Herald*, the first general organ of our denomination in the West. He had a prominent part in founding Chicago Theological Seminary, and was one of its first board of directors.

After three years in Chicago, Dr. Holbrook



REV. J. C. HOLBROOK, D. D., LL. D.

returned to his Dubuque pastorate. In 1859, on leave of absence from his church, he preached several months for the First Church, San Francisco, visiting many places in California. Four years later, with another leave of absence, he raised in the East an endowment of \$50,000 for the presidency of Iowa College. Following this service he became pastor of the church in Homer, N. Y. While in this office, in 1865-6, he made an extended visit to England, raising funds for the American Missionary Association. In this work he was remarkably successful.

In 1869 Dr. Holbrook was installed pastor at Stockton, Cal., and three years later returned to Syracuse, where for nine years he worked assiduously as the first secretary of the New York Home Missionary Society. He laid the foundations of Congregationalism in a number of places in that state. At the age of seventy-three he resigned his office, but preached for a year and a half in Portland, Me., before removing again to California, where he has spent happily and usefully his latest years. In 1892 he celebrated his golden wedding with his second wife, his first wife having died twelve years after their marriage.

Dr. Holbrook's daughter, at whose home he

died, is Mrs. E. B. Noble, and his brother, ex-Gov. Frederick Holbrook of Vermont, now eighty-six years of age, also survives him.

Rev. Fred Whitney Flood

In contrast to Dr. Holbrook's long pastoral experience is that of F. W. Flood, who had been in the ministry scarcely six weeks. Mr. Flood was born in Ellsworth Falls, Me., in 1870; graduated at Bowdoin College, 1894; taught three years; graduated from Andover Seminary in the class of 1900. Dr. Rice selected him as the fitting man to serve the church at East Dennis, Mass., which had just voted to associate itself with our denomination. He began service there in July, and already had endeared himself greatly to the people of his charge by his manly, genial character, as well as by earnest devotion to ministerial work. Apparently in perfect health, he was suddenly taken ill on Saturday, Aug. 11, and died of peritonitis on Monday morning, Aug. 13. I was the writer's special privilege to spend the last few days in that quiet Cape Cod village, joining the young pastor in recreation and in church exercises, and a special grief as his vacation closed to attend the funeral service. The sorrowing people of the little community generously raised a sum sufficient to defray all expenses, and sent a member of the church as escort with the body to his parents' home in Maine. C. C. C.

For Endeavorers

PRAYER MEETING

BY REV. H. A. BRIDGMAN

Topic, Sept. 2-8. Seek Souls. Luke 15: 1-10.

This theme supplements the thought of last week. It emphasizes another and equally important side of the truth. It is not enough to minister to the physical needs of men in the name of Christ. He best enters into the purpose of the Master who, at the same time that he clothes the naked and feeds the hungry, is ever yearning to touch their spiritual nature. To say that our duty is done when we have fed and clothed men is to rank them no higher than dogs or sheep. Nor is it enough to develop their aesthetic nature, to awaken them to the glories of art and to make them responsive to the best music. Man is more than a bundle of artistic and intellectual capacities. We fail of proffering the highest boon if we overlook or forget the spiritual in him. The best thing I can do for my brother man is to open up the channels of communication between him and his God, and arouse the latent, but undying, yearnings Christward in him.

Are we sufficiently interested in the spiritual welfare of others? This age, in its wholesome desire to alleviate misfortune and suffering, thinks too little of responsibility for others, and we need to take up and make our own Faber's lines:

Souls of men, why will ye scatter
Like a flock of frightened sheep?
Foolish hearts, why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?

These are not days when men wear their hearts on their sleeves. They must be sought patiently, tenderly, persistently. "The Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost." The divine search preceded the divine sacrifice. Men ought to understand that we are after their souls. We ought not to be afraid to avow our steady intention to win them for Christ. I heard a minister say not long ago that he had learned that it was not enough simply to fraternize with his young men, to play tennis and golf with them in the indefinite hope that somehow they would be touched spiritually, but he had come to see that they must be made aware of his desire and purpose to have them become confessed followers of Christ.

There is wonderful suggestiveness in these two parables. We can ponder well upon them, in order to learn where the souls are and how we may find them. There is the suggestion here that some souls are shy. They evade the gaze of the public. They have gotten into out-of-the-way places; they may have wandered thither, as did the lost sheep, through no fault of theirs. They may have slipped into a corner out of the view of every one. We need to be circumspect as well as zealous, delicate as well as persistent, in our search after these shy, shrinking souls. We shall have to go more than halfway in order to find them. We may have to overcome many an obstacle, to light every lamp whose gleam we can bring to bear upon the darkness. But the souls are still precious; they have the stamp of the divine valuation upon them. Be it our task to approach them so lovingly and persuasively that they shall be glad to be borne back on our shoulders to the safe lodging and never again to stray away from their home in God.

Education

The University of California is wide awake and announces courses of instruction in the Japanese language, in the dialect of Canton and in Kuan-hua, the generally spoken language of China.

On the first week in September, 3-8, the Maine Ministers' Institute is to be held at Cobb Divinity School, Lewiston, Me. The institute is affiliated with the American Institute of Sacred Literature. The general subjects announced are the Old and New Testaments, Sociology and Current Problems. The faculty of the divinity school will be assisted by President Chase of Bates College, Prof. H. G. Mitchell of Boston University, Prof. Shaller Matthews of Chicago University, Rev. C. M. Sheldon, Dr. J. W. Stuckenbergh and several Maine ministers. The sessions begin Monday afternoon and end Saturday morning. The daily program is attractive, and ought to bring together a large number.

The Congregationalist's Indian Famine Relief Fund

Send all contributions to Frank H. Wiggin, Treasurer American Board, 14 Beacon Street, Boston, marking them "For The Congregationalist's Indian Famine Relief Fund."

Cong. Ch., Westminster, Ct.,	\$3.75	1st Cong. Ch., Rockport,	\$31.62	Friend, Wacousta, Mich.,	\$1.	Y. P. S. C. E., Eliot Ch., Newton,	\$10.
Mrs. Eliza Smith, Holyoke,	100.	Cong. Ch., N. Woodstock, Ct., collected by Mases Suale Leavitt and	Jun. C. E. Soc.,	Dover and Foxcroft, Me.,	1.61	Second Ch., Marash, Turkey,	.74
Anna Forbes, Montreal,	1.	Florence Hibberd,	21.50	Cong. Ch., Shelburne Falls,	15.70	Girls' College,	3.15
Abbie E. Follette, Townshend, Vt.,	2.	Cong. S. S., Acton Center,	2.58	W. B. M. I.,	70.60	Yenejé Kaln Ch.,	.82
K. L. K., Brooklyn,	2.	Ruth Allen and Lois Parker,	2.	Friend, Hubbardston,	2.	Rev. Kassarjian, Fundajak, Turkey,	43
Cong. S. S., Wapping, Ct.,	15.	Atchison, Kan.,	8.	Ladies' Miss. Soc., Cong. Ch.,	2.	Carrie A. Lee, Marash,	.22
Y. P. S. C. E., "	21.25	Mr. and Mrs. Garrett,	4.	Constantine, Mich.,	16.	Mr. Karayannides, Seissa,	.84
Eugene D. Preston, Colorado		Whittaker, Mich.,	10.	Gleanings from Waldoboro, Me.,	2.	Thro' Rev. J. Henry House,	
Springs, Col.,	1.	Friend, Big Trees, Cal.,	10.	Thro' The Witness, Montreal, Can.,	123.92	Salonica,	3.56
Mrs. Reynolds's S. S. Class and		Rev. J. H. Heald,		1st Cong. Ch., Whitman,	16.	Plymouth Cong. Ch., Utica, N. Y.,	53.58
Friends, Cong. Ch., Greenfield, N.H.,	6.50	San Rafael, N. M.,	2.50	Jun. C. E. Soc., 1st Cong. Ch.,		Pilgrim Cong. Ch. and Friends,	
Friend, Appleton, Wis.,	5.	"Every Little Helps,"	1.	Whitman,	2.	Duxbury,	5.50
Cong. Ch. and Y. P. S. C. E., Add'l,		Mrs. E. M. W., Mass.,	10.	Y. P. S. C. E., 1st Cong. Ch.,	2.	Ruth Galpin, Berlin, Ct.,	5.
Hadiyine, Ct.,	1.	Mrs. E. A. Saugatuck, Ct.,	5.	Manchester, N. H.,	6.50	L. L. Green, Lowell,	5.
Mrs. J. H. French and Mary French,		Peterham, Mass.,	35.	Friend, Arlington,	2.	Geo. N. Boardman, Pittsford, Vt.,	5.
Blairstown, Io.,	20.40	Georgetown, 2.		Plymouth Cong. Ch., Columbus, O.,	10.	Y. P. S. C. E., Clinton, Mich.,	4.50
Sympathizer, Woburn, Mass.,	1.	Jun. Miss. Soc., 1st Cong. Ch.,	2.	Carrie W. Hill, Wilkinsville,	10.	Cong. Ch., Glover, Vt.,	1.
Friend, Torrington, Conn.,		Woburn, 5.		Y. P. S. C. E. of Lyndale Cong. Ch.,	2.	M. Newbury,	1.
1st Church of Christ, Woburn,	23.75	Friend, Campbell,	1.	Minneapolis, Minn.,	5.25	Total,	\$1,023.06
Y. P. S. C. E., N. Andover,	5.	D. Choate, Salem,	10.	Lillian R. Young, Jamaica Plain,	2.	Previously Acknowledged,	\$118,507.22
New Bedford, 37.43		Leonard G. Parker, Mason City, Io.,	1.	Friend, New Bedford,	5.	Grand Total,	\$119,531.18
Thro' the Advance, Chicago, Ill.,	182.70						

Connecticut—Historic and Current

Consulting State Editors: Rev. Messrs. Lewellyn Pratt, D. D., Norwich; J. W. Cooper, D. D., New Britain; J. S. Ives, Hartford; J. C. Goddard, Salisbury

The Sharon Church

It was organized in 1740, soon after the founding of the town, on the frontier of Connecticut and of New England. A local chronicler says, "The Sharon fathers, we may suppose, paused upon the New England border—the *Ultima Thule* of civilization to them." Here upon the western slopes of the Taconic range, that natural rampart of New England, they built a church whose nearest neighbors are the Presbyterian churches in Dutchess County, N. Y. The parish is on both sides of the line and, owing to a strong Boer influence, the minister is called "the dominie."

The present edifice, erected in 1824, has a Wren spire of singular grace and beauty, and its brick walls were squared by line and plummet of conscientious, old-fashioned work. Situated on one of the most beautiful streets which even a New England village can boast, its elm-bordered common an oasis of greenery, the Sharon church is pre-eminently a part of the village, a church of homes and families. The influx of city visitors whom the Litchfield hills attract each summer does not bring many Congregationalists here, but those of Presbyterian and Reformed Church lineage naturally worship in the Congregational fold.

Like Matthew and Luke among the synoptic gospels, the church is rich in genealogy. Of its pastors a name renowned in the civil and ecclesiastical history of the state is Rev. John Cotton Smith, a contemporary and friend of Jonathan Edwards. He was pastor for more than fifty years. Against opposition he opened the old meeting house to Whitefield, whose sermon here was one of his last labors.

Parson Smith stirred up the martial as well as the devotional feelings of his flock. When news of the battle of Lexington had been brought to Sharon, the good man so aroused the congregation by his sermon that 100 men lined up, after the service, to march to the scene of action.

The Sharon church has always maintained a high standard of benevolence, and today the amount raised for missions about equals the pastor's salary. Money for church expenses is not raised by fairs. One fair is held annually on the village green, the proceeds of which invariably go to charitable work.

Litchfield County is noted for the brotherly fellowship of its pastors and churches. Pastorate are longer than in the more populous centers. Rev. Edward O. Dyer has been pastor since 1883. If summer brings the largest congregations, winter is the time of spiritual harvests. The Sharon church, like many "in the hill country," suffers from death, emigration and from the fact that the population does not increase; but the fiber of the old tree is still sound. According to the last annual report, after a thorough pruning of the rolls, there were 165 members.

D.

There has quite recently been a marked tendency on the part of vacant churches in Australia to place themselves while pastorless under the charge of an acting pastor or "moderator." The "moderator" has always been the pastor of a neighboring church, or, at any rate, some one who was not himself a candidate to fill the vacancy. The practice has been attended with the happiest results and is fostered by the Australian unions.

The Historical Spirit in Connecticut

BY JOHN CALVIN GODDARD, SALISBURY

The historical spirit is abroad. That is evident everywhere. The prominent novels of the day, *Richard Carvel*, *Janice Meredith*, *To Have and To Hold*, *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, all are historical, the first three dealing with American colonial life. They work in a vein that the public is now interested in, hence their popularity. Mark, further, the wide-spread inquiry as to genealogy. Every New England pastor is besieged by requests from all latitudes and longitudes to copy records, to inspect gravestones, to make footnotes to history, without remuneration and oft with the privilege of paying for his own postage stamp. People who on Sundays would rather "go to grass" (that is, to the golf greens) than to church are now wonderfully interested in their grandfather's baptism, and want to know all about it. Incidentally they learn that the divines of old who kept the records were quite untrammeled

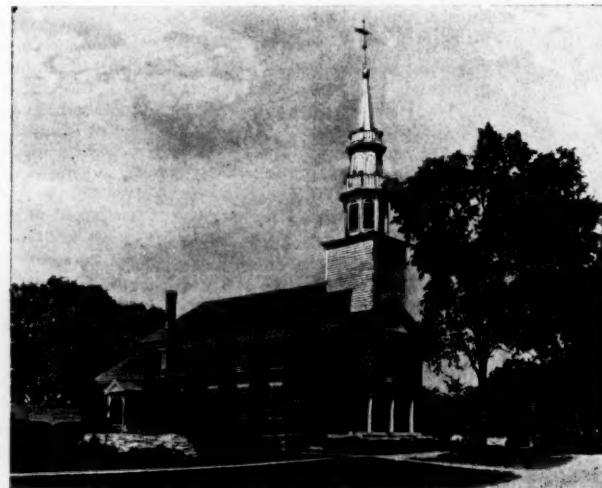
ton's Birthday. Dewey Day has had feeble recognition. Emancipation Day is generally celebrated by the Freedmen. Forefathers' Day would have a royal salute if it were not so near Christmas. (Query: Cannot Mr. Dexter, or some other authority, find us a Pilgrim anniversary day somewhere else in the calendar, and then have the Triennial Council adopt it?) Churches, towns, institutions are making more of their anniversaries, and the public is becoming familiar with the word sesquicentennial, which it uses with unalloyed satisfaction.

Now all this applies to Connecticut in overflowing measure. The state is full of antiquarianism. It is dedicating monuments to Israel Putnam, Nathan Hale and other worthies all the while. Guilford has just bought the oldest house in the state and made it into a town museum. A short time ago the Wolf's Den in Pomfret was made public property. The John Brown house in Torrington is being talked up for the like reservation. New Haven and Hartford vie with each other in soldiers' monuments, the former having an imposing statue on East Rock, the latter a surprisingly beautiful arch and bridge at the entrance to the State House grounds. More than that, the state has learned the folly of trusting public records to fading decoctions of oak gall, and has decreed that a certain brand of chemical ink shall be used exclusively hereafter. A commission of public records has been formed and the condition of all town, church and society records in the state has been ascertained, and suggestions made as to their proper preservation.

As to genealogies, the future investigator is apt to sigh for worlds to conquer. A gentleman of this town has compiled fifty; another a less but respectable number. To illustrate the extent to which genealogists are going, a list has been made out

within our borders including the name of every person mentioned in town or church records up to 1800, with every recorded fact about them. If, for example, Elnathan Chipman was born in the town of Salisbury, was baptized, joined the church, sold land, was elected hayward and died in the odor of sanctity and in the seventy-seventh year of his age, it is all down to his credit. Town histories are being prepared. Years ago John Warner Barber published the *Connecticut Historical Collections*, giving undigested but exceedingly valuable data regarding many of the towns. These have been expanded, until nearly every town of importance in the state has had its history worthily written. Norfolk has just issued such a volume. Yale is publishing the biography of all her graduates prior to 1800 at the hands of Sec. F. B. Dexter, who is making researches in this neighborhood this very month. Historical societies are active in the state and libraries are keeping an eye out for everything that will minister to the growing demand. Finally, Connecticut has a monthly magazine now well established, which is slowly traversing the state with pencil and camera, whose bound volumes will eventually make an illustrated history of the commonwealth such as no other state possesses.

All this has had a direct bearing on the churches. For one thing it has given heart and body to many a poorly paid minister. A man has spent ten years in study and then is offered a hill parish and \$600. It is not a fat living at



THE SHARON CHURCH

best, but at the end of his year's charge he finds the total what the Light Brigade found it at the end of *their* charge, "not—not the 600." Poor pay and uncertain pay drive many men out of the ministry. Aside from the financial problem, there is that of enlisting the zeal of a man of culture in the small rounds of a waning parish. It is as discouraging to Christianize Christendom in some places as to evangelize Africa. Yet this dullness is greatly alleviated by a minister's cultivating an historical spirit. These towns are full of dramas, and such a minister is always able to see them, to read romances behind blank faces. In one family he sees those who have passed through a railway disaster, in another veterans who have smelled gunpowder. Every family has its skeleton, its Prisoner of Chillon, its Chloe Lankton. Every schoolhouse has its village Hampden, its mute, inglorious Milton. A minister interesting himself in these things will find his parish not a dull book, a poor play, but a new *Gesta Romanorum*, a fresh volume of Canterbury Tales. Aye, he will find something of that zest recorded of his Master, who, in studying a humble life by a wellside, forgot his weariness and untasted meal, saying, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of."

Another advantage of cultivating the historical spirit in a church is that it gives a sense of dignity to a congregation to know its ancestral inheritance. People are encouraged to be saints themselves by feeling that they belong in a saintly succession. Many weak churches have had a great past. In the expressive phrases of old, they have "raised up" ministers and missionaries, or have kept a record, like the Second Church of Cornwall, of the ministers' wives that were trained for canonization within it. There were giants in those days. The congregation the writer ministers to has sent forth two senators, four governors, a secretary of war, six congressmen, besides chief justices of states, college presidents and professors uncounted. Every church has had its revivals, its struggles, its historic associations, its wooden age before its stone age. It was burned out, was used to quarter troops, sent forth a missionary band, held some notable convention. Allusion to these facts helps keep alive the church spirit, gives dignity to the corporate life, makes Zion more important in the eyes of those in danger of disesteeming her. This suggestion aims to kindle a devout historical enthusiasm, as did the writers of the 78th, 83rd, 103rd and other Psalms, whose exultant language is, "The Lord shall count, when he writeth up the people, that this man was born there."

The Summer Solstice in Bridgeport

For many years it has been the custom for the First and South Churches to unite during four weeks in the summer, usually during August, meeting two Sundays at each church. Among clergymen heard this summer are: Rev. Messrs. C. R. Seymour of Bennington, Vt., and C. H. Williams of Hartford, Ct.

Dr. Frank Russell of South Church is expected to fill his pulpit again Aug. 26, after a seven weeks' vacation spent in Paris, Oberammergau and London. During his absence the C. E. Society has had charge of the mid-week prayer meeting, with which it has combined its own, including leader and subject. It is the third summer that this plan has succeeded.

The Young Women's Christian Association has recently moved into larger and more attractive quarters. A residence on one of the principal streets was bought and fitted up with convenient classrooms and apparatus. Daintily furnished rooms at reasonable prices, wide piazzas with easy-chairs and hammocks make a very homelike resort for the young women of Bridgeport.

Rev. E. K. Holden, pastor of the Olivet Church, who broke down after an attack of la grippe last spring, is rapidly recovering his

usual good health. He spent "Old Home" week in Otisfield, Me., where he preached in the church of his boyhood. The occasion will long be remembered, as the boys and girls of years past, many of whom now fill honored and useful positions in the professional and business life of Boston and other New England cities, listened to a touching and beautiful tribute to the old town and church from the lips of one of their own number. Mr. Holden's return is being anxiously anticipated by the loyal and appreciative congregation who gave him a six months' leave of absence.

C. J. C.

Among the Churches

STONY CREEK has purchased a lot and plans to build a stone church to take the place of the wooden one recently burned. Its erection will require hard work and much outside help.

FARMINGTON is to receive a new parish house of brick or stone in memory of Miss Porter from the alumni of her famous school.

GUILFORD.—A member of this church has maintained an afternoon service at Leete's Island.

NEW BRITAIN, First and South have together received over 150 new members since Jan. 1.

An Appreciated News Service

Connecticut by View Point

While the wide service of this paper is often commented upon by our subscribers, each views it from the local point. In their present character *The Congregationalist's* news pages regard the centers of Congregational life and reach out from them for the important and most vital. In doing this the New England States naturally come in for early and frequent treatment. But at the same time letters and bird's-eye views are supplied to cover the country at large. See news from Georgia, Montana, Ohio and California in this particular issue.

But Connecticut comes today in the Broadside View Point. This is how these two men see *The Congregationalist*:

"I like the state 'broadside' idea exceedingly. The choice of supervising editors for Connecticut is most happy and the work they have done has been very gratefully received by us all. It impresses me as being a great improvement upon the old method. The editors are men of good judgment and the best opportunities for gathering inside information. Anything that tends to strengthen the denominational tie and foster a just denominational pride, anything that calls the attention of our churches to each other and stimulates their fraternal interests should be heartily encouraged. So I for one say, 'Success to the broadside.'"

Watson L. Phillips, D. D., New Haven.

"Your 'broadsides' upon any state are likely to be of greater interest to some outside the state than to any in it. Those who live in the state have papers and associations through which they expect to keep informed. When a man changes his residence his interests in the state he leaves continues; but he is to a considerable extent out of hearing as to what goes on. I have appreciated the opportunity given by the Connecticut 'broadside' to follow the work of the Connecticut churches and ministers."

Rev. H. R. Miles, Brattleboro, Vt.

Until Jan. 1, 1901, we will send this paper to new names for twenty-five cents.

Yours, *THE CONGREGATIONALIST*,
Warren P. Landers, Supt. of Circulation.

Education

Andover Seminary is planning inspiring study for genuine students. The department of practical theology will be filled by three able pastors of large experience. Dr. E. C. Moore of Providence will lecture on homiletics, Dr. Daniel Merriman of Worcester on pastoral theology, and Dr. H. A. Stimson of New York on church polity. Professors Ryder and G. F. Moore will give courses in the practical interpretation of the Bible. Mr. Binney Gunnison will have charge of the elocution.

How the Balladton Society Helped the Church

BY REV. FREDERICK LYNCH, LEXOX, MASS.

Balladton was a thriving village of 3,000 people. But it was also the center of a large farming population. The Congregational church was the strongest in the community, and had a large Christian Endeavor Society. This had once been flourishing, but at the time referred to interest was waning.

Then George Sheldon was put in president. Now the welfare of a Christian Endeavor Society depends largely on its president. Put members on committees, if you will, for their own sakes. But always elect your president for the society's sake. Well, the election of George Sheldon proved the salvation of the Balladton society and revived the church.

For at the second consecration service after George's election he rose and said: "It seems to me that all we are doing is coming to meeting. We come here and exhort each other to service every week, and then go out and don't do anything. Now exhortation without practice doesn't amount to much. People grow flabby under it. Now I recommend that we do something. We're a part of the church. We exist primarily to help the church, yet we are not doing a blessed thing for it." And so George went on somewhat excitedly.

But the result was good. For before the meeting had adjourned the members had pledged themselves to do four things for the church during the year before them. They fulfilled their pledges remarkably well. These four things they undertook can be done by any society desirous to bless its own church:

First. Each member agreed to invite some friend to the evening service, or rather promised to bring some friend to that meeting. This service had been slimly attended and the pastor was discouraged. Yet there were enough young people even in the village to make a good congregation. The plan worked splendidly. Some even brought two with them. Those came again of their own accord and brought others with them. Many also joined the C. E. Society. So the society was blessed with new members; the evening service became popular; the pastor reached many before untouched.

Second. All promised to offer themselves to the pastor to go and read to the aged and sick in the community whenever he might send them. There were thirteen old women in the parish whose days were lonely almost beyond endurance. But now two or three times a week a young woman came and read to them for two or three hours.

Third. They agreed, as a society, to hire a pew in the church for strangers. So they took one in the best part of the audience-room, put a plate on it marked "Christian Endeavor," and offered it to the church for the use of strangers. It was highly appreciated and some of the strangers, hearing of the plan, visited the society in the evening and said encouraging words.

Fourth. They agreed to extend the usefulness of the church into the adjacent country regions. Many of the farming families never went near a church. There was a little settlement of ten houses a mile and a half from the village. The Endeavorers went out in groups of five to these farmhouses and held neighborhood meetings. They were surprised at the welcome they received when they held their service at the little settlement called "the quarry." They were surprised at the number of children. It occurred to them to organize and conduct a permanent Sunday school. This now has forty pupils.

Opportunities as golden open to every Christian Endeavor Society. The result here was that the members grew strong through service; the outlying regions were uplifted; the farmers began driving to church again, and the old sheds were used for the first time in many years.

Life and Work of the Churches

Pointers

For a conspicuous example of Christian unity see our letter from northern California.

Endeavorers will find definite suggestions for helping the church in Mr. Lynch's article.

The monument raised by the Ladies' Misionary Society of a Southern church to the memory of a faithful member will perpetuate her virtues far more effectively than "storied urn or animated bust" could do.

Our Ohio correspondent gives a list of the churches in the United States which gained more than 100 members during 1899. Of these Toledo can boast two; while only one, Tompkins Avenue of Brooklyn, is in the East.

Those three infant churches in Montana seem to have been born with their eyes open and their eye-teeth cut. At any rate, they are self-supporting from the first. Which goes to show that religious privileges, perhaps because of their rarity, are highly appreciated in the Land of the Shining Mountains.

We have it on excellent authority that Connecticut ministers read with avidity everything from the pen of John Calvin Goddard. And whoever takes the trouble to read his article on The Historical Spirit, page 254, we think will find that this interest is not confined to his own state, nor to the ranks of the ministry, nor even to historians and genealogists.

A Non-Decadent Country Town

BY PROF. GEORGE HERBERT PALMER,
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

The problem of the country town has been much discussed of late. New England, we are told, is decaying. Our soil at best is thin and yields but a scanty support. Our impoverished farmers are niggardly and lacking in public spirit. In their isolated homes they become ignorant, morose and inclined to sour gossip. The vigorous young of both sexes soon depart. The few who remain turn to cider-drinking and other cheap and uninventive vices. Against the prevalent evil and despondency churches are impotent, being so much occupied with theological uncharitableness and sectarian rivalry. In short, the religious basis of the old New England country life is gone, and the dignity, content, intelligence and piety which once distinguished our little corner of the globe are things of the past.

I do not doubt that there are villages in which these degraded conditions appear. Country life, no less than city life, has its special dangers. And these are likely to increase at a time when the general standards of the community in religion, morals, education, society, trade and personal expenditure are undergoing great and rapid transformation. But good people still remain good. Courage, energy, and ability to look on the bright side are not yet altogether discredited virtues. Under their vivifying influence many a village is kept sweet and wholesome. One of these I want to describe, partly because I love and honor the little town, partly to report facts unlike the depressing ones which commonly get into print.

Boxford is twenty-five miles from Boston, at about the center of Essex County, in that picturesque and unfruitful region where rocks, gravel, brooks, ponds and woods take the place of soil. Corn and potatoes, a slender crop of hay, apples and the domestic virtues are its chief products. It is an extensive township, with two villages—Boxford and West Boxford. I speak only of the one I know, Boxford proper. Its total population is 314—less than twenty-five years ago, much less than a hundred years ago. It has one church, one store, two district schools, no hotel, no factory, no lawyer, no doctor. Its

railroad station is a mile from the village. It contains hardly any poor people, no man of wealth, no foreigners, few summer residents. The majority of its families have been here for many generations, my own for more than 200 years. The farms are large and widely scattered.

It cannot, then, be said that the natural conditions of Boxford are exceptionally favorable. It is an average country town. But let us see what man has done here to make life worth living during the last ten years. Roads have been kept in good order, there has been fair attention to shade trees, and almost every house has presented an appearance of neatness and unobtrusive dignity. A little before the beginning of this period a public library had been started, and the people—always great readers of books and newspapers—have been spending \$100 a year on novels, histories, biographies and general literature. Our collection now numbers 2,200 volumes, with no rubbish and few books not in frequent use. Different ladies give their services as librarians, and so stop all cost of care and circulation. About ten years ago \$3,000 were spent on the building of a Town Hall, plain but exactly fitted to our needs. Here we have had numberless lectures, concerts, lantern shows, dramatic entertainments—the best of them devised and carried out by our vivacious young people. The green in front of the Town Hall has proved a good place to gather the entire population for Fourth of July fireworks, which are paid for by general subscription; and this year the hall itself took us all in afterward for music and ice-cream.

While neither the property nor the population of the town is sufficient to maintain schools of a high grade, any child is allowed to attend the high schools of the neighboring towns without expense for tuition.

But the center of the New England country town has always been the church. We are proud of the fact that we have only one. It is, of course, Congregational, but we welcome to it every species of pious soul and are pretty regardless of speculative niceties. A few attempts have been made to organize a separate society, but thus far the friendliness of Boxford has thwarted divisive Satan. Though during the past ten years the church has lost a third by death or removal, its total membership has increased. The average attendance at the Sunday school has nearly doubled. A debt of \$500 on the church, which had been allowed to accumulate, has been paid. Not less than \$700 have been spent for repairing the parsonage, \$1,500 in the building of a chapel, and we are just completing the renovation and refurnishing of the church itself at an expense of \$1,000.

These are large undertakings, calling for a high degree of public spirit. To estimate their significance one must remember that the people are all in moderate circumstances.

The amount of money spent in private homes is small. Two great influences, however, have been at work which are not found everywhere—high average character and enlightened leadership. The old New England stock is vigorous here. Everybody desires to keep himself intelligent, kind and God-fearing. These are men and women of pronounced individuality, not indisposed to opinions of their own. But instead of quarreling, they tell each other plainly what they think without losing their sense of comradeship. And this general friendliness has been fostered by a noble line of ministers. For thirty years Dr. William S. Coggins sweetened and refined every home in the parish. He is our saint, fragrant and influential in memory. Three devoted men followed him in pastorates of worthy length. For the past eight years a young man in his first settlement has been our leader. The remarkable development of the

church here described is chiefly his work. During the early years of his ministry Dr. Coggins was still living, and became his example and adviser. Connecting himself thus with the best traditions of the parish, he has gathered the young people about him in clubs and literary classes. He has refined their manners, helped them to obtain places in the city, kept their attachment to Boxford after they have become established elsewhere. He has multiplied occasions for his people to meet. Exchanging infrequently, he has preached Sunday after Sunday quiet sermons marked by a spiritual insight and a simple beauty of language rare in any pulpit. Any minister who can preach, who can be the dear and trusted friend of all, who can forget personal claims and bodily infirmity in the service of his Master, and, while showing in himself the beauty of holiness, can on a small salary tactfully advise, encourage, instruct his people, is an enormous social power in any community. Decay is not easy in his neighborhood. The problem of the country town would largely disappear if such leadership could be multiplied. Where material conditions are unfavorable, strong personalities are doubly important and valued.

Last Sunday in the Churches

Of ministers who occupied neighboring pulpits, Dr. S. E. Herrick preached at the Old South to the united congregation which included his own and that of Central Church; Rev. Isaac Pierson of South Medford was at Village Church, Dorchester, Dr. H. J. Patrick of Newtonville at Eliot Church, Newton, Rev. S. W. Adriance of Winchester at Beachmont, and Dr. A. E. Dunning at Third Church, Chelsea. Taking longer range, Rev. J. L. Sewall of North Brookfield came to Pilgrim Church, Dorchester, Dr. George E. Hall of Dover, N. H., to Clinton, and Dr. G. M. Howe of Lewiston, Me., to Campello. Of Westerners in Eastern pulpits, Dr. S. H. Dana of Quincy, Ill., preached to the united congregations of First and Central Churches, Chelsea; Dr. J. W. Fifield of Chicago was heard at Shawmut; Rev. C. L. Kloss of St. Louis preached at Brighton; President Sperry of Olivet College was at Wellesley; and President Eaton of Beloit at North Avenue, Cambridge. In the evening the last-named speaker gave an interesting lecture on China, based on his observations as a member of the American Board deputation to that country two years ago. Perhaps one of the most striking sermons was that by Dr. F. De Witt Talmage at Park Street on Ingersoll, to whose intellect, magnetism and genius he paid generous tribute, yet whose life he characterized as a failure because it was destructive rather than constructive.

Hands Across the Sea

From Woburn, Mass., to Cesarea, Turkey, is a far cry, yet not too far for a ready response to a message of Christian fellowship. In 1878, when the writer set out for mission work in the Orient, he was presented with a communion set as a memento and pledge of interest on the part of his home church in Woburn, which for a half-century his grandfather had served as deacon. He was asked to take it for use in his new field of labor.

Since then it has sometimes been carried in saddlebags as he toured among the churches in Cappadocia, but on June 29 it was used in celebrating the communion at the last session of our preachers' conference and was then presented to the pastor of our newest church, Akuerai, with the cordial Christian greetings of the old church in Woburn. Few places in our field are more promising than Akuerai, few members are more faithful or self-sacrificing in their work for the needy about them.

The pastor accepted the set on behalf of his church and sent back a message of grateful appreciation for both fellowship and gift. Yet the old church can hardly realize how much encouragement and strength it will give to this struggling people at Akureal in Lycania to have this concrete evidence that they are, in some measure, in touch with the Christian world.

J. L. F.

The Ministry of Music

The churches of the Connecticut Valley are not unmindful of the value of this handmaid of religion. Two organists in particular have rendered large service to the public in the line of organ recitals. Mr. John Hermann Loud, organist at First Church, Springfield, has given an excellent series of fifty, with programs largely made up of selections from the great composers. These free recitals have been of great educational value, and Mr. Loud's withdrawal to become organist of Harvard Church, Brookline, is universally regretted. Holyoke is also highly favored in having such a series, Organist Hammond of Second Church having some time since given the 25th of his recitals, closing with a brilliant concert by himself and his excellent choir. The First Church of Holyoke is having a new \$6,000 organ built, to be installed before Sept. 1, with a special musical service at which Mr. W. C. Hammond will play.

Not content with providing fine music for its own church, a quartet from Springfield visited West Stafford and Staffordville, Ct., in May, giving two concerts, with the assistance of the local chorus and a tenor soloist. Finley Lyon's cantata, *Praise and Thanksgiving*, with selections from Handel, Mozart, Chadwick and others, formed a rare treat for the audience. Three-fourths of the net proceeds went to the India Famine Relief Fund and the rest to other missionary objects. This is the second time that the idea of having the singers from the large churches visit the smaller communities has been carried out, and both years the experiment has been a decided success. The concerts were given under the leadership of the pastor, Rev. J. A. Solandt.

Though it requires a mental leap across the country, we must not forget to chronicle a reception given by First Church, Portland, Ore., to the members of its highly appreciated choir, nor the graceful attention of the Sunday school of Avalon, Cal., which contributed a serenade to the attractions of an "at home" recently given by the pastor and his wife.

The Highlanders of the Cumberland Plateau

It has been the privilege of the writer to spend eleven weeks in evangelistic work upon the Cumberland Plateau. This is a tract in East Tennessee, thirty or forty miles in diameter, 1,500 to 2,000 feet high, and formed by the flattened peaks of the Cumberland Mountains. It is about equi-distant from Knoxville and Nashville. One rides for miles through the primitive forest. Clear mountain streams dash down their rocky courses. Rhododendron and holly deck the roadside, and mountain ranges skirt the horizon.

But I wish to tell of the work done here by the American Missionary Association. I refer only to the four points where we labored. Grand View on the east, overlooking the Tennessee Valley, and Pleasant Hill within ten miles of the western edge have each an academy with an enrollment of over 200. Pomona and Crossville lie between.

It is hard to overestimate the service of the faithful A. M. A. pastors and teachers. Secretary Guterson has lately said, "It is easy to get educated persons to go South to teach, but to get educated Christian teachers is another thing." Somebody has made wise selection here. These workers are laying the foundations of a new state. The schools and churches give a social, intellectual, moral and

spiritual uplift, an education in true manhood and womanhood, to all who come in touch with them.

The man who drove us from Crossville to Grand View, formerly a student at Harriman University, said: "The district schools of the plateau will soon lead the state. Parents are willing to make any sacrifice to give their children a better school, and this is largely due to the inspiration of the academies at Pleasant Hill and Grand View."

There is no question that these mountaineers are good material for the use of the Christian builder. Honest and hospitable they are, though easily offended and reckless of human life. One notices the fresh vigor of the emotional nature here, in contrast with the North, where in many communities the emotional element seems exhausted.

Much might be said of the heroic economy, the persistent faith, the Christian manhood and womanhood of these pastors, their wives and the teachers. They toil on humbly and diligently, unconscious of the transformation they are working out.

We had a blessed experience with them in the revival work. Many young men and women, boys and girls, gave their hearts to Christ. Some of these will be leaders of the coming generation.

Rockefeller is reported to have said, "Most rich men feel that the possession of property is a stewardship." How can the Lord's money be more wisely invested than in helping these patient men and women to churches, schoolhouses, and the larger equipment they so much need?

M. K. P.

Ohio in Dogdays

SUMMER RELAXATION

With the annual hot weather exodus, the city churches quite generally reduce or consolidate services, or even close for a few Sundays. In Cleveland, Euclid Avenue unites with the other East End churches for evening service, but maintains morning worship while Dr. C. W. Hiatt is away. Rev. Morgan Wood returns to Toronto for vacation, but Plymouth maintains all services, under Rev. John Doane of Lincoln, Neb., formerly its assistant pastor. Dr. Wood had gathered a large audience before his departure, and Plymouth looks forward with great hope. Pilgrim, in the absence of the East of Rev. C. S. Mills, moves on under Rev. E. S. Rothrock, as does Bethlehem, under Rev. F. M. Whitlock, returned from his vacation. Rev. C. W. Carroll stays at Hough Avenue, and gets ready for dedication, Sept. 2, of the new house, already occupied in part. Irving Street uses the dwelling house on its new lot, while it plans for a meeting house. Its pastor, Rev. Henry Janes, has just returned from a brief visit to his old English home. All Cleveland deeply regrets the departure of Rev. W. H. Pound, but the City Missionary Society moves vigorously, with the East Cleveland church, to supply his place.

In Cincinnati, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Harris continue actively and with hope their work at Storrs, for a time interrupted by the latter's serious illness. Rev. Benjamin Harris of Lawrence Street went to Iowa for vacation, and Rev. D. M. Pratt of Walnut Hills, with his family, to Connecticut. Rev. O. H. Denney of Columbia supplies near Boston. The Newport, Ky., church has reduced its debt materially and increased congregations and interest. Mr. Heckman spends his vacation at his father's, in Cincinnati. Dr. A. M. Hyde of Toledo, First, well worthy of his new title, goes East for summer rest.

SUMMER VIGOR

While the tide in the cities runs a little slowly, in many other places work goes on bravely and strongly. Oberlin, First, has filled its historic pulpit, vacant since Dr. Brand's death, by a unanimous and hearty call to Dr. J. W. Bradshaw, who comes, with an unusual experience as college pastor, to

this throne of power. Marysville, giving up after long and faithful service Rev. W. S. Bugbey, greatly beloved of his brethren, has happily and heartily settled Rev. E. A. King of the last class at Oberlin. His statements of doctrine and experience were unusually clear and interesting. Dr. Gladden preached his installation sermon and the addresses were bright and appropriate.

Fredericksburg is using the summer to make extended repairs; and Nelson, under Mrs. L. A. M. Bosworth, followed up an exceptionally juicy fellowship meeting with a series of evangelistic meetings for two weeks. Marietta, First, secures Walter R. Blackman of Belchertown, Mass., a graduate of Amherst and Hartford, as assistant to Dr. Nichols, especially to work at the East Marietta mission and at points up the Muskingum. Dr. and Mrs. Nichols mourn the sudden death of their youngest daughter, a bright and lovely child. All Ohio shares with Marietta College its joy in securing after the long interregnum a young, vigorous and tried man for president in Prof. Alfred T. Perry of Hartford Seminary, who is a distinct addition to the educational, Congregational and Christian forces of the state.

NOTABLE GROWTH

Second Church, Toledo, under the lead of Dr. James Chalmers, a worthy member of the same family with Andrew of Saginaw and Thomas of Manchester, N. H., enjoys the proud renown of having made far and away the largest gain of any of our churches, 223 in the calendar year 1899, increased to 303 in the first full year of the pastorate. Dr. Chalmers, heretofore an honored teacher and an editor and author of educational and literary works, has achieved a phenomenal success, well worthy of mention, in this first year of ministerial work. It is perhaps worth notice that the church of second largest growth, Newcastle, Pa., also belongs to the Ohio Association. Its increase of 176 was due to a large incoming of Welsh people, in connection with the opening of great tin mills. The other churches adding over 100 are: Minneapolis, Plymouth, 141; Brooklyn, Tompkins Avenue, 139; Saginaw, First, whose pastor is another of the Chalmers family, 125; Los Angeles, First, 121; Chicago, Warren Avenue, 117; Spring Valley, Ill., 115; and Toledo, First, 111. F.

Montana's Trio of New Churches

Those living in states where Congregational churches are counted by the score can scarcely realize the added strength which has come to the struggling little band in Montana through its three new churches. In each case the Sunday school has been the pioneer. At Chance a little school organized five years ago and watched over by a pastor living twenty miles distant has kept alive the religious interest of the community, developed the feeling of brotherhood and created a desire for the closer ties of church fellowship. On one of the hottest evenings of an unusually warm summer a council was held representing three churches, the aggregate mileage of the five delegates in attendance being 800 miles. Twelve persons, representing half as many different denominations, pledged themselves to stand together for Christ and his kingdom, where, with no other organization within twenty miles, the influence of this one will be widespread and helpful.

The council at Stringtown will long be remembered by those present. A town site had recently been located, but legal difficulties prevented immediate occupancy. For a mile along the country road running through the tract "squatters" had erected temporary quarters in order to secure the most advantageous lots when they were placed on the market. This settlement, with a population of over 200, is popularly known as Stringtown, and here the Congregational church of Bridger was recently organized in a building bought on the spur of the moment for this

special purpose by five of the prospective members. With the growth of the town that is to be and the development of the surrounding country, this new church will be an important factor in our work.

At the junction of two beautiful mountain streams, the Stillwater and the Rosebud, near a post office bearing the melodious Indian name of Absorkee, stands the neat little house of worship of the new Congregational church at that point. This organization is the outgrowth of the efforts of a missionary pastor who has had for several years a parish as large as the State of Rhode Island. Composed of sturdy men and women who have come to make homes for themselves and their children in this promising region, which until seven years ago was an Indian reservation, its future usefulness is assured from the beginning.

One of the best features of these new churches is that they will create no additional demand upon the treasury of the Home Missionary Society, but will rather be a source of financial strength to the work already in hand.

W. S. B.

Notes from Atlanta

Notwithstanding the heated term, some of the Southern churches have been conducting aggressive summer campaigns. This is notably true of the First Church of Atlanta. Though many are away, the stay-at-homes have been rallied, and the attendance in all departments has been unusually good. Rev. H. H. Proctor, the pastor, was assisted the first Sunday in August by Rev. Messrs. G. W. Moore and Rev. L. B. Maxwell, and by special effort that day the contribution reached nearly \$250. This church has suffered a great loss in the death of Mrs. Betsey Woods, one of its most faithful members. The Ladies' Missionary Society has decided to open a mission in memory of this good woman in the locality where she did such faithful service for the church.

At Central Church Rev. F. E. Jenkins, after a month's vacation, has returned and is maturing plans for his fall campaign. This Sunday school is said to be the best conducted in all the South. It is up to date in every particular. The church needs larger quarters for development. It has a number of flourishing missions in the city.

H. H. P.

A Rejuvenated Church on the Prairie

Five years ago the church at Morris, Ill., dismissed its pastor and was closed for several months. The suggestion to sell the property to the Norwegian Lutherans had been seriously considered. The society was out of debt, but funds were scarce and there was little enthusiasm. Seven years ago the church at Lisbon, nine miles to the north, ceased holding services, and a little later the Wauponsee church, six miles to the south, migrated three miles further southward and found a home with the church at Mazon. The parsonage went also, and the former place of worship is now a cattle barn. The abandonment of Morris would have left a large area of rich corn land with no representative of our democratic institution, since the distances to churches east and west are considerable.

After a three months' supply by a minister living in Chicago, the present pastor, Rev. F. D. Tucker, was called and ordained. The church equipment was then one large audience-room with a ten foot vestibule running across the end. Within a year prayer meeting, Sunday school and social rooms were added, the vestibule and the rear of the audience-room contributing space. The seating capacity was increased by the use of rolling partitions. Of the \$800 expense, the members surprised themselves by paying immediately all but \$100.

Through this new equipment the primary

department was increased from eight to fifty, interest in the church was renewed and the various elements in the congregation were brought together. It has a simple, helpful creed, modeled after a suggestion by Dr. John Watson.

At the last annual meeting the treasurer reported all bills paid, and that for the first time all money for the following year had been subscribed. Twenty-three members have been received this past year and the church has been newly carpeted. A new \$2,000 pipe organ will be placed in the church Sept. 1. Four-fifths of its cost has already been pledged.

The first year of the present pastorate the church voted not to contribute to any of our benevolent societies, but by earnest pleading it has been brought to contribute to six. The total amount given is not large but the missionary spirit is growing. Among the ladies it is fostered by the pastor's wife, a granddaughter of the late Dr. Post of St. Louis.

This church promises to minister vigorously to large numbers in the community who, because of early training as Episcopalians, Universalists and Unitarians, do not affiliate with other denominations in the town. An elderly member calls the church "the Cave of Adullam," because of the many sects represented in the congregation.

There are but four other Congregational churches in Grundy County, one of which is a mission, and it seems that the rejuvenation of the Morris church is in the interest of progressive Christian work. A Commercial Club formed by the ministers of the community is seeking to advance the interests of the town.

Stanford University, is a remarkable instance of fraternization. Its membership contains five nationalities, Americans, English, Scotch, Irish and Germans, and thirteen denominations, Methodists and Presbyterians of three kinds each, Congregationalists, Baptists, Disciples, Episcopalians, Unitarians, Friends and Spiritualists. At the organization service baptism was by sprinkling, the Friends being admitted without the ordinance. The simple articles of faith affirm belief in the triune God, the divinity and atoning work of Christ, the office of the Spirit, and the inspiration and authority of the Scriptures. Superintendent Harrison has been a chief agent in organizing this church, and speaks of the initial services as "most unique and blessed."

VETERANS HONORED

Dr. J. H. Warren and Mrs. Warren have recently celebrated their golden wedding, surrounded by their children and large numbers of honoring friends. In his twenty-seven years as home missionary superintendent Dr. Warren helped organize 188 churches. Previously he had served in three pastorates and edited *The Pacific* for four years. He retains good health at eighty-one years, and is religious editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*.

Rev. S. H. Willey is another veteran rich in years and services and a serene old age, a benediction in our gatherings. Rev. David Wirt has just died among us after an arduous life in home missionary fields from Ohio to California. This coast is being hallowed by the ministry and memory of such heroic souls.

C. S. N.

Record of the Week

Calls

ANDERSON, HAROLD E., Strong City, Kan., to Craig, Cal. Accepts.

DICKERMAN, LYSANDER, New York city, accepts call to Phillipston, Mass., to begin work Aug. 26.

FERRIN, ALLAN C., Blandford, Mass., to Springfield, Vt. Accepts.

FROST, GEO. B., Littleton, Mass., to Rutland.

GIST, WM. W., Cedar Rapids, Io., to the chair of English, Iowa State Normal School. Accepts, to begin work Sept. 1.

GROVER, RICHARD B., Roslindale, Mass., accepts call to Hope Ch., Cambridge.

HELMES, REUBEN E., Washta, Io., to Big Spring, Wis., and connected churches, and to the editorship of a paper at Endeavor Academy.

HELMUTH, JOS. W., Maizomanie, Wis., to Antigo. Accepts, and is at work.

HOLBROOK, IRA A., accepts call to remain another year at Independence, Kan.

HOUSTON, RON'T, Rapid River, Mich., to Wolverine.

JONES, JOHN D., Medical Lake, Wn., to Dayton. Accepts.

KNAPP, GEO. W., to remain a third year at Union Ch., Ogallala, Neb.

LACKY, JOHN N., Dundee, Mich., to Adrian. Accepts.

LEE, PHINEAS B., to remain another year at Seabrook Ch., Topeka, Kan.

MCGREGOR, ARCHIBALD F., superintendent of missions, Canada, accepts call to Newport, Vt.

MCINTOSH, CHAS. H., River Falls, Wis., declines call to Greenfield Hill, Ct.

MARTYN, SANFORD S., Derby, Ct., to Haydenville, Mass.

MATTHEW, ROB'T J., New Cambria, Mo., to Council Grove, Kan.

MERRILL, CHAS. W., Claremont, Cal., to Oroville.

PRATT, D. BUTLER, Beecher Mem'l Ch., Brooklyn, N. Y., to Faith Ch., Springfield, Mass.

STIMSON, CYRUS F., West End Ch., Bridgeport, Ct., to Stratford.

STONE, EDWARD G., Westchester, Ct., declines call to West Granville and Tolland, Mass., and accepts one to Killingworth, Ct.

TUCKER, FRED'K D., Morris, Ill., accepts call to principalship of agricultural dept. of State Univ., St. Anthony Park, Minn.

Ordinations and Installations

BREEZE, EMANUEL, o. Coloma Corners, Wis., Aug. 8. Sermon, Sec. H. W. Carter; other parts, Rev. Messrs. W. D. J. Stevenson, R. L. Cheney and C. A. Boughton.

Resignations

CONLEY, HENRY W., Bristol, Me., June 10. CROUCH, WM. S., St. Mary's, Kan., after a 16 years' pastorate.

DUNKLEE, MAURICE J., Cornish, N. H., to continue studies at Dartmouth College.

ELLSWORTH, ALFRED A., First Ch., Braintree, Mass., and will remove to Quincy.

FROST, AMELIA A., Littleton, Mass.

HAYWOOD, CHAS. E., Jericho Center, Vt., has not resigned his pastorate.

HUTCHINSON, WM. A., Ward, Col., and gone to Ill. NEWPORT, FRED., Jonesport, Me., and removed to Poland.

SPERS, ED. J., Bloomington, Cal.

TUCKER, FRED' D., Morris, Ill., to take effect Aug. 1.

WOODWELL, GEO. M., Bridgton, Me., to take effect Sept. 1.

Personals

ABBOTT, LYMAN, delivered five lectures and preached at the Maine Chautauqua Assembly at Fryeburg.

ADAMS, GEO. C., was greeted by 1,000 people at the praise service at First Church, San Francisco, Aug. 5, the first Sunday after his return from Alaska, where he spent his vacation and where he visited Rev. H. Hammond Cole and wife, our faithful workers at Douglas. The latter have concluded to remain another winter, but to do so comfortably a part of the church edifice must be converted into a parsonage. This is now being done.

Brooks, CHAS. S., who some time since was obliged on account of ill health to give up his work with the First Ch., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., has taken a residence in Wellesley. He is much improved in health and hopes soon to resume preaching.

BROWN, CHAS. O., who caused so much trouble in the First Church San Francisco and in the Bay Conference, is reported in the daily papers as having married, Aug. 6, a wealthy woman, his wife having recently procured a divorce from him on the ground of adultery. Mr. Brown's name had some time since been removed from the list of the Chicago Association.

BUXTON, WILSON R., who has recently resigned his pulpit at South Acton, has received 44 members into the church during his pastorate of seven years.

COLTON, ALFRED E., Dorchester, Mass., and MERLE A. BREED, Westboro, have exchanged houses for the summer.

CUMMINGS, GEO. H., lately of Thompson, Ct., is recovering from his recent illness at Wauwinet, Nantucket, where he is spending a few weeks with his family.

HOULDING, HORACE W., once pastor of Park Ch., San Francisco, Cal., but for several years missionary in South Chilli Province, China, reached San Francisco early in August, and with his family, will go to his father's at Riverside.

KILBOURN, HENRY J., Bradford, Vt., was surprised on the first anniversary of his pastorate by a gathering of friends at the parsonage, who presented him with a dining set and other tokens of esteem.

KINCAID, WM. M., pastor of Union Ch., Honolulu, H. I., is in San Francisco, en route to Massachusetts, where he is to place his daughter at school.

MERRIAM, CHAS. L., Highland Ch., Lowell, Mass., for three months has been living among the canal men on the Erie Canal for the double purpose of learning something about their lives and of regaining his health.

ROBERTSON, JAMES G., Chester, N. H., has been granted three months' vacation to visit Europe.

SHEDD, CHAS. M., Topeka, Kan., who is to be at the State C. E. Convention at Eastport, Me., Sept. 4-6, will lecture in Bangor the 9th and spend the following Sunday in Portland.

WASHBURN, GEORGE, president of Robert College, and son-in-law of the late Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, who has been for some months in this country, sailed last Saturday on his return to Constantinople.

WILSON, DAVID L., supply at Fort Fairfield, Me., to be installed pastor.

WILSON, JOHN C., Puritan Ch., Brooklyn, N. Y., and wife, have sailed for Europe for nine months' vacation. He will stay in Switzerland and regain his health by absolute rest. Rev. Livingston L. Taylor of Rochester will fill his pulpit from Sept. 16 to Mar. 31.

Church Happenings

BANGOR, ME.—Hammond Street has passed a memorial to Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, who was connected with it while at Bangor Seminary, as a student from 1835-37 and as professor of theology from 1878-80. This church was represented in the council which met at Portland to ordain him; and Rev. John Maitble, its pastor and the brother-in-law of Dr. Hamlin, preached the ordination sermon.

BAR HARBOR, ME.—The usual summer public meeting was held in Y. M. C. A. hall in the interest of Hampton Institute. Booker T. Washington, two graduates of Hampton and the school quartet took part.

BERKSHIRE, N. Y., First.—Over \$200 have been raised by the Sunday school for a library, \$100 of which was the gift of a single friend.

BROWNVILLE, ME., has awarded the contract for a new church building.

DENVER, CO., First.—The Sunday school has raised enough money to renovate and decorate the S. S. rooms, and the work is now in progress.

EAST ORRINGTON, ME.—A union grove meeting was to be held Aug. 19, in which all the churches in town were to unite.

EXETER, N. H., through the generosity of Mrs. Mary Dame Hall, a former attendant, has received two elegant pulpit chairs of quartered

oak, specially designed for the place, with upholstering of pig skin.

FORT FAIRFIELD, ME., has voted to install Rev. D. L. Wilson as pastor and to assume self-support.

GARLAND, ME.—This little missionary church, which unites with Dexter under one pastor, has paid its minister's salary, painted the church at a cost of \$75 and given \$56 in benevolence. It has 30 resident members.

GILMAN, COL.—A severe fire has swept away a large part of the town, including the church. The devoted pastor has secured another room and all services will be maintained.

IRONTON, COL.—This church, which stands upon piles, was in danger of a fall a few months ago. Through the good work of Rev. Geo. Eaves of Silverton necessary repairs have been made. A number of conversions have lately cheered the pastor.

SEIBERT, COL.—An increase of interest upon this field has resulted in a plan for a new church, which will be built of granite and cost nearly \$1,500. The work will begin in September.

SPOKANE, WN.—Westminster has recently calmed and decorated its interior walls, varnished the pews, carpeted the pulpit, etc.

WRENTHAM, MASS.—Since January the trustees have canceled by subscription a debt of \$1,200, and the ladies netted \$683 from a bazaar, which will be used for interior decoration and repairs. The home and foreign missionary organizations of the women united early in the year, and have met with the success which follows centralization.

Current Thought

THE UNITED STATES AND CHINA

The momentum of countless myriads is an awful force even against the resources of a higher civilization, as the Romans found to their consternation when the barbarian hordes overran the empire. The outlook is undeniably menacing. There is need for prompt, decisive and concerted measures. But there is also need that we keep our heads; that we turn a deaf ear to fire-eaters in both nation and church; that we protect the innocent Cantonese Chinese in the United States from the drunken rabble of our slums; and that our whole attitude as a people be sensible, dignified and Christian.—Secretary Brown of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, in *The Evangelist*.

PROFESSOR PAINE CRITICISED

The Interior, reviewing the recent work on Trinitarianism by Prof. L. L. Paine of Bangor Theological Seminary, which we reviewed June 28, thinks itself safely within the limits of moderation when it affirms that of all the theological books of the year none will compare with this "in the matter of its incongruity with the source from which it proceeds, or the startling nature of its conclusions." The book is declared to be a violent polemic and not a judicial contribution to the history of doctrine. Its radicalism is said to be remarkable in that it comes in the name of historic continuity. The essential flaw of the argument of Professor Paine is declared by the reviewer to be "his utter and hopeless inability to realize the value of the philosophic element in correct scientific method. He does not even see that the very moment when he is declaiming most fiercely against metaphysics in theology he is planting himself upon metaphysics of a very poor sort." "We were accustomed to think of Lyman Abbott, George A. Gordon, President Hyde and Professor Sabatier as radicals, but these pale into mild conservatives when the light of Paine's radicalism begins to shine."

This book deserves to be read with more than usual care and interest, because it shows what extent a humanitarian Unitarianism has taken the place of orthodox Trinitarianism among certain Protestant bodies in this country. If this view were peculiar to Professor Paine, we might dismiss it as a form of Unitarianism masquerading under the guise of orthodox Christianity; but one has only to read the current literature of this modern school of religious thought to know that Professor Paine is not alone, and that his views are held by many others who occupy prominent chairs in theological seminaries, which are supposed to be the homes of dogmatic

Trinitarianism and traditional views of the incarnation. The book before us is one of the ablest and subtlest presentations of the new school that we have read.—*The Churchman*.

In and Around Boston

The Departing Cubans

In pouring rain, which soaked their clothes and baggage but did not dampen their spirits nor lessen their gratitude for what they had received, the 1,280 Cuban teachers, who, during the past six weeks, had been studying at Harvard, embarked on government transports on the 16th, bound for New York and cities farther South. President Eliot, Superintendent Frye and the other officials of the summer school state that the good results of the unique experiment have far exceeded their expectations. As for the Cubans, their gratitude for the joys and profits of the tour has taken form in gifts to the university and to the Cambridge schools, which will be more durable, and possibly more eloquent, than any words could have been. That the school should have begun and ended without any serious accident or case of sickness or serious friction between alien peoples is most remarkable. Of disorder there has been none in Cambridge of a flagrant or positive type. Concerning the school the *Churchman* well says:

A wiser or more instructive example of the flexible use of all the means of government under democratic institutions has never been witnessed. Free and intelligent largess of this character is usually associated in imagination with the benevolent act of some despot wise enough to know what is desirable, and strong enough to carry it out without hindrance. But this great attempt at the threshold of the separate existence of Cuba as a nation to give a fresh impulse to its education has been done under democratic institutions by a universal co-operation more valuable than the will of any one man, however wise or however powerful. The island government gave the initiative, private benevolence supplied the means.

The Armenians' Reverence for Dr. Hamlin

AS VOICED BY A HARPOOT PROFESSOR

Nowhere will Dr. Hamlin be more sincerely mourned than among the Armenians, both in this country and in Turkey. At the funeral services in Lexington, Prof. M. A. Melon, one of Dr. Hamlin's pupils in Bebek Seminary and for twenty years the senior professor in Euphrates College at Harpoort, Turkey, spoke as follows:

Dr. Hamlin raised up a band of able preachers, pastors and teachers, who subsequently have become, and some of them still are, a blessing to the evangelical churches throughout the whole of Turkey. Churches and schools in Constantinople, Broos, Nicomedia, Cesarea, Diarbekir, Harpoort, Bitlis, Aintab and many other places had their first pastors or teachers supplied by men educated by Dr. Hamlin. He inspired them with his faith, energy, independence and perseverance. Through his pupils he was known all over Turkey as the teacher.

Men educated partly in this his seminary afterwards became physicians, editors, authors, government officials, and one was raised even to the rank of a pasha. A few years ago a naval officer of high rank visited Euphrates College. He was a Turk. In the course of his conversation he said he had known Dr. Hamlin, to whose inspiration and suggestions he owed his present rank.

I have met common people in the remotest parts of Armenia who, as laborers in Constantinople having come into contact with Dr. Hamlin, spoke of his upright sense, energy and perseverance with the highest admiration. And many men now in high rank

In society owe their education, rank and social position to Dr. Hamlin's inspiration, suggestions and personal help.

Dr. Hamlin not only supplied many Protestant churches and schools with preachers, pastors and teachers, but he provided several congregations with money to build their churches.

Robert College is a permanent monument, standing on the heights of the Bosphorus, of his energy, faith and perseverance overcoming all obstacles put by the Turkish government and machinations of the Russian diplomacy, a living witness of what he has done, not only for the Armenians, but also for the people of every nation and creed in the Turkish empire, showing that he had a broad mind to think and a wide heart to feel for all at the same time.

And in the later part of his life, when he was in this country, did he cease to think and feel for his former field of labor? Never. Most especially since the reign of terror for the poor and forsaken Armenians when and wherever a chance offered itself to him he spoke or wrote for the just cause of the persecuted.

Last Week at Northfield

One who has attended the conferences for several seasons claims that the attendance is becoming younger year by year. This was much in evidence last week when the Society of Christian Endeavor, under the direction of Secretary Baer, was made a central feature. Endeavorers were present in large numbers, and both Mr. Baer and Mr. Moody expressed great satisfaction in the practical interest of the sessions. Among the speakers were Rev. F. B. Meyer, who reviewed the prominent points of the London convention, Rev. E. M. Allen, speaking upon missionary methods, Rev. J. W. Fifield upon the Intermediate Society, and H. B. Gibbud on Personal Work. Open parliaments were frequently held with animated discussion, conducted by Mr. Baer, who made several addresses, including one to ministers upon the Pastor the Responsible Leader. It was unanimously voted to ask for similar conferences next year.

The session of the general conference closed on the 20th. The central theme was missions, and there were many representatives present from home and foreign fields. Addresses were made to large congregations by Drs. H. C. Mabie and G. Campbell Morgan.

An Appreciative Guest Versus a Long-suffering Hostess

I read with great interest the recent article on Ministers as Guests, July 12. Everything that the good woman said should have been said, no doubt. It has been my privilege and pleasure to be entertained in a good many homes in connection with religious work. In every case I have been delightfully entertained. I have sought not to interfere with the ordinary affairs of the home. When I have arrived late I have invariably gone to a hotel for the meal. A guest does not want a family to change its daily plans. He simply wants to be a member of the family for the time.

What I read between the lines in the article was fully as interesting as the article itself. The fact is people in general are beginning to regard it as a burden to entertain ministers and others at religious gatherings. The old-time hospitality for which our fathers were noted is dying out. As a pastor with a large family I have found out that my people—the best people in the world—think that the transient preacher should be entertained at the parsonage, even though the parsonage has ten inmates. I make exceptions in the case of only two or three families in the parish. When I have exchanged with a brother I have preferred to send him to a hotel rather than to ask my people to entertain him. It is becom-

ing more difficult every year to get entertainment for our associations. What is to be the result?

I mention a case that occurred this spring. A good lady who is an earnest worker in the church was especially active in preparing for the local association soon to meet in her church. For many years she was the president of the missionary society. She is in limited circumstances and has not had the privilege of attending many religious gatherings. This year she thought she would go to the state association and began to plan accordingly. It happened that a lady who belonged to the church that was soon to entertain the state association was visiting in this same town. She was heard to remark: "I am exceedingly glad that I am not to be at home during the state meeting. I am glad I am to be rid of helping entertain." This remark opened the eyes of the good sister who had promised herself the pleasure of attending one great state meeting. She had no thought of being a burden to any one, and she did not go. Is the feeling not becoming general that it is a burden to entertain at such times? What should be done?

AN APPRECIATIVE GUEST.

Risibles

RECENTLY HARVESTED FROM OUR EXCHANGES

LOOKING AT BOTH SIDES.—*Policeman* (examining broken window): "Ah, but it's more serious than I thought it was. It's broken on both sides!"

WELL IN HAND.—*First Deaf Mute*: "We all have our troubles."

Second Deaf Mute: "That's so. I have to tie my wife's hands so she won't talk in her sleep."

A MODERN ANCESTOR.—"Did I understand you to say that one of your ancestors fought during the Revolution?"

"Yes, my great-great-grandfather fell at Bunker kopie."

UP TO DATE.—*Licieried Menial*: "Me lud, the carriage waits without."

Lord Fitz Josher: "Without what?"

L. M.: "Without horses, me lud; 'tis an automobile."

GRAVEN IN STONE.—"Can you give any evidence in regard to the character of the deceased?" said the judge.

"Yes, my lord," replied the witness. "He was a man without blame, beloved and respected by all men, pure in all his thoughts and"—

"Where did you learn that?"

"I copied it from his tombstone, my lord."

DISCOMFORTS OF HOME COMFORT.—"That is a cozy-looking couch, old man."

"Yes, but I never go near it."

"What's the matter?"

"Well, there are only three pillows that I'm allowed to put my head on, and I can't stand the wear and tear of picking them out from the other seven."

A SOCIAL TICKET.—"Maggie, have there been any callers during my absence?" asked the mistress of the new door-maid, recently landed.

"No, mum," replied Maggie, producing a visiting card, "but there was a lady left this little teeket."

AN ALLITERATIVE BRAKEMAN.—"How long does the train stop here?" the old lady asked the brakeman.

"Stop here?" answered the functionary. "Four minutes. From two to two to two-two."

"I wonder," mused the old lady, "if that man thinks he is the whistle?"

WHITHER THEN?—"Won't it be delightful when we all have flying-machines?" "I don't know about that; of course our creditors will all have them, too."

A FALSE PERSPECTIVE.—"The young men of the present day," said the elderly person,

"have great advantages over the young men of my day, both in education and business training."

"But the trouble is," said the young man, "they have no advantage over one another."

CONFUSING.—*Druggist*: "Pills, my dear?"

Little Girl: "Yes, please, sir."

D.: "Anti-bilious?"

L. G.: "No. Uncle is."

ORIGIN OF THE HOOT.—"Why do you prefer Scotch whisky?" asked the watchdog.

"Dinna ye ken," replied the wise owl, "that's what makes me hoot, mon?"

TWICE PAID.—"That woman tried to beat me down on the price of quinine."

"What did she say?"

"She said I ought to make it ten cents cheaper because she had to pay her little boy to take it."

A MINISTERIAL DAVID HARUM.—Rev. John Maltby, pastor of Hammond Street Church, Bangor, 1834-61, had a tall, commanding figure and was the soul of ministerial dignity. Notwithstanding, he was fond of a good horse and no mean judge of horse flesh. At one time, knowing that Mr. Maltby was in search of a horse, a dealer invited him to look at one that was offered for sale. The animal, which was very "low forward," was driven so that his fore feet stood upon an elevation, to make the defect less apparent. Mr. Maltby instantly discovered the trick and dismissed both horse and owner with: "That will do, Mr. Y—. You can let him get down."

"The Only Man in China"

In Mrs. E. R. Scidmore's book, *China, The Long-lived Empire*, are some interesting facts about the Empress Dowager. When the young emperor, inspired by contact with Western civilization, after the Japanese war began to push reforms of various sorts, that shrewdest woman in Asia, "the only man in China," as she has been called, having protested and interfered in vain, soon let it be known that she was the moving spirit behind the emperor, that she was inspiring the new departure. She showed an ambition to be in the forefront of progress, to out-reform the reformers, to be more anxious than they were for railroads, steam-engines, and Western civilization. She would go to Tientsin by railway-train, too, and attend the review as European emperors do. She would adopt European etiquette and dress for her own court, hold drawing-rooms, have foreign ladies presented, and entertain with fêtes and garden-parties like the empress of Japan. The few who have looked upon the countenance of the dowager describe her as a tall, erect, fine-looking woman of distinguished and imperious bearing, with pronounced Tartar features, the eye of an eagle, and the voice of determined authority and absolute command. She has, of course, the natural, undeformed feet of Tartar women, and is credited with great activity, a fondness for archery and riding and for walking, and with a passion for games of chance and theatrical representations. With advancing years, emperors and Manchu palace women assume more sober colors in their outer robe, which is always the long Manchu gown touching the floor, no matter how thick the soles of their "stilt" or "flower-pot" shoes may be. There are curious little shoulder-cape arrangements around the neck of their ceremonial gowns, which have the Manchus' symbolic "horseshoe" cuffs falling over the hand, embroidered plaques of rank on back and breast, and the large official beads, whose use as insignia of high station came in fashion with the Buddhist religion. After the age of twenty-five, emperors and princesses put away their great gold bar-coronets with the pendent showers of pearls and the large bouquet of flowers and butterflies, and wear instead a broad fluted-gold coronal set with stiff bunches of flowers, a magnificent headdress very like a cocked hat set crosswise.

Within the Walls of Peking

The August *Chautauquan* contains the following interesting and timely description of the city toward which all eyes are turned just now:

Peking, as every reader knows, is a series of cities within cities, each inclosed with walls and entered through gates which are closed at ten o'clock at night. The first, or outer wall, around what is called the Chinese City, is about twenty-three miles in circumference; the next, surrounding the Tartar City, has a circumference of about fifteen miles, and beyond this are the Imperial City and, last of all, the Prohibited City. In the Imperial City are palaces of princes and high officials, while the imperial residence is within the Prohibited City, to which few or no foreigners have access, except those belonging to legations, or who may come on rare occasions as special envoys from other nations. The imperial palaces may be recognized by their yellow roofs, while those of princes and officials are green; foreigners and common folk being content with gray—either the ancient tile or modern corrugated iron.

From the entrance of the imperial palace there is a succession of gates in a straight line through the four walls, and these are never opened except for the emperor. Ordinary humanity makes use of others to the right and left. All are surmounted by beautiful towers. Within the Chinese City the first view is of a wide, grassless space, like a vast, dusty brickyard, with footpaths along the walls and crowds of people passing to and fro. Here and there are flocks of goats and sheep offered for sale, or herds of shaggy ponies and donkeys. Through the center of this space is a causeway paved with great blocks of stone between which are deep ruts that the sweating *jinrikisha* man shows much skill in avoiding. On either side, much below the level of the paved highway, are roads along which rumble a procession of creaking carts, the driver sitting upon the shaft. When the front curtain is raised one may see Chinese families taking what would be the daily airing elsewhere, but which in Peking seems to be the daily dust bath. Evidently they do not fear it, though they are clad in silk and satin, their black hair decorated with silver pins and a profusion of artificial flowers. At one point there is a bridge over a slimy stream; this is called the "Beggars' Bridge," and it is thronged by the class that have given it its name.

At the entrance of the Chinese City are two fine structures—the Temple of Heaven and the Temple of Agriculture. Once a year the emperor goes up to the Temple of Heaven to pray to the Maker of the universe—a solemn ceremonial which has never been witnessed by any but the highest officials of the court. The old temple, with its balconies of marble terraced one above the other, burned a year ago, an omen of terrible calamity, but with more than usual Chinese expedition it had been rebuilt.

The Beatitudes in Scotch

These are the Beatitudes, according to the Scottish version of the New Testament, which is shortly to be published by Mr. Gardner of Paisley:

And, seein' the thrang o' folk, he gaed up intil a mountain; and whan he was suttent-doon, his disciples gather't aboot.

2. And he open't his mouth, and instructit them; and quo he:

3. Happy the spirits that are lown and cannie; for the kingdom o' Heeven is waitin' for them!

4. Happy they that are makin' their maen! for they sal fin' comfort and peace!

5. Happy the lowly and meek o' the yirth; for the yirth sal be their ain hadden!

6. Happy they whase hunger and drouth are a' for holiness; for they sal be stegh'd!

7. Happy the pitifu'; for they sal win pitie theirsels!

8. Happy the pure heartit; for their een sal dwell upon God!
9. Happy the makkers-up o' strife; for they sal be coontit for bairns o' God!
10. Happy the ill-treatit anes for the sake o' gude; for they se hae the kingdom o' God!

11. Happy sal ye be when folk sal misca' ye, and ill-treat ye, and say a' things again ye wrangouslie for my sake!

12. Joy ye, and be blythe! for yere meed is great in Heeven! for e'en sae did they till the prophets afore ye!

13. The saut o' the yirth are ye; but gin the saut hae tint its tang, hoo's it to be sautit? Is it no clean useless? to be culsten oot, and trauchl'd under folk's feet.

ward demand for spring woolens and the consequent slow demand for the raw material; the necessary restriction in the production of some makes of cotton goods, owing to the Chinese difficulty; dullness in building materials, notably lumber; and the backward inquiry for boots and shoes in the East. Cereal prices have tended downward, partly on the unsatisfactory export demand and partly on the discounting of crop damage reports. The maximum estimate of the wheat crop is 550,000,000 bushels, while the Government report is taken to indicate 515,000,000. The corn yield, though reduced slightly by the hot weather, is still regarded as foreshadowing 2,100,000,000 bushels, and oats will furnish the second largest yield on record.

Bank clearings reflect the low ebb of speculation so that the total is the result of actual trade distribution and demand. The total clearings last week were \$1,262,802,780, a fractional decrease from the previous week, a falling off of 16.5 per cent. from the corresponding week a year ago, and a decline even from 1898 of a fraction of 1 per cent. In the speculative markets in Wall and State Streets there is little new that can be said. The outside public is not in the stock market to any extent and transactions are entirely professional in character, being the trading among themselves of professionals and room-traders on the floors of the Stock Exchanges. It begins to look as though the election scare so long heralded was beginning to gradually work up and many, for this reason, are looking for lower prices some time between now and the middle of September.

Locally, while copper stocks are rather firm, they are very quiet and featureless.

The Business Outlook

Rather more favorable features in the general trade situation are to be recorded this week. The distribution at leading centers is increasing and advices from nearly all sections note an increase in fall orders. Relatively the best buying is proceeding from the Southwest, where the crops are good; likewise in the East a better demand for dry-goods is in progress and a firmer tone and perceptible growth in confidence accompanied by heavy buying in some classes of steel and iron is also a feature. The opinion seems to be growing that an average wheat crop will be harvested, and much more than an average crop of corn and oats is considered assured.

Railway gross earnings still continue to show good increases over a year ago. The unfavorable elements in the situation are at best of a negative character, namely, the approaching presidential campaign; the back-

Royal
Absolutely **BAKING-**
Pure **-POWDER**

No inferior or impure ingredients are used in Royal for the purpose of cheapening its cost; only the most highly refined and healthful.

Royal Baking Powder imparts that peculiar sweetness, flavor and delicacy noticed in the finest cake, biscuit, rolls, etc., which expert pastry cooks declare is unobtainable by the use of any other leavening agent.

Alum is used in making cheap baking powders. If you want to know the effect of alum upon the tender linings of the stomach, touch a piece to your tongue. You can raise biscuit with alum baking powder, but at what a cost to health!

Meetings and Events to Come

National Prison Association, Cleveland, O., Sept. 22-23
 A. B. C. F. M., St. Louis, Oct. 10-13
 A. M. A., Springfield, Mass., Oct. 23-25
 W. H. M. A., Boston, Oct. 31
 W. B. M., Boston, Nov. 7, 8

STATE ASSOCIATIONS AND CONFERENCES

New Hampshire, Concord, Sept. 18-20
 Maine, Augusta, Sept. 25-27
 Connecticut, Meriden, Nov. 20, 21

STATE S. S. ASSOCIATIONS

Massachusetts, Pittsfield, Oct. 2-4
 Maine, Dexter, Oct. 16, 17
 New Hampshire, Nov. 14, 15

STATE Y. M. C. A. CONVENTIONS

Massachusetts, Fall River, Oct. 25, 26

STATE C. E. MEETINGS

Virginia, Winchester, Aug. 28-30
 Maine, Eastport, Sept. 4-6
 Iowa, Ottumwa, Sept. 25-27
 New Hampshire, Laconia, Sept. 25-27
 Colorado, Denver, Oct. 4-7
 Illinois, Olney, Oct. 4-7
 New York, Troy, Oct. 4-7
 Wisconsin, Racine, Oct. 4-7
 Connecticut, Meriden, Oct. 5-7
 Missouri, St. Joseph, Oct. 5-7
 New Jersey, Jersey City, Oct. 11, 12
 New York, Binghamton, Oct. 15-17
 Massachusetts, New Bedford, Oct. 16, 17
 Minnesota, Albert Lea, Oct. 18-21
 Vermont, Burlington, Dec. 31, Jan. 1, 2

THE TWELFTH YEAR OF THE GORDON MISSIONARY TRAINING SCHOOL will open at 100 Clemencet Street, Boston, on Wednesday, Oct. 10, 1900. Candidates desiring admission will meet the examining committee at 10 A. M. in the vestry, entrance at the Montgomery St. door. The courses of instruction will be along the same lines as heretofore. To those who have made inquiries concerning the school, and to all who apply, a prospectus, giving fuller particulars, will be sent. Rev. A. T. Pierpont, Brooklyn, N. Y., president; Rev. John A. McElvain, 194 Huntington Ave., Boston, superintendent; Mrs. A. J. Gordon, 182 W. Brookline St., Boston, secretary and treasurer.

Marriages

The charge for marriage notices is twenty-five cents.

SATTLER—MAX—In Los Angeles, Cal., Rev. John Sattler, pastor of German Church, Tyndall, S. D., and Miss Paulina Max.

Deaths

The charge for notices of deaths is twenty-five cents. Each additional line ten cents, counting eight words to a line. The money should be sent with the notice.

BEVINS—In Newton Center, Mass., Aug. 14, Mrs. Margaret Elizabeth Bevins, wife of Henry Bevins, Esq. She was born in Newport, N. S., Sept. 22, 1846, and was for many years a resident of Boston and vicinity, where she was prominent in every good work connected with the Congregational churches. The cause of death was cancer of the stomach. The interment was at Winchester, Aug. 17.

ECKLES—In Porterville, Cal., Aug. 9, John G. Eckles, aged 67 yrs., Thos.

GALE—Springfield, Mass., Aug. 12, Rev. Thomas Allen Gale, 68th year. He was a graduate of Amherst College, class of 1839, and of Andover Seminary, class of 1843, and held pastoral charges in Pennsylvania and western New York. Burial at James-town, N. Y.

STONE—In Cornwall, Vt., Mrs. Anna L. Stone, aged 96 yrs.; for 74 yrs. a faithful member of the church.

TENNEY—In Oberlin, O., Aug. 17, Adna Tenney, aged 90 yrs., 6 mos. He was born in Hanover, N. H., and resided for many years in Concord, where he was widely known as a portrait artist of exceptional skill. He was for some time superintendent of the Sabbath school of the First Congregational Church of Concord during the pastorate of Dr. Nathaniel Bouton. His last years were spent with his son, Rev. Henry M. Tenney, D. D., pastor of the Second Church of Oberlin, O.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. ANN LETITIA PAIGE
 At her home in Hanover, N. H., after a severe and lingering illness, Mrs. Ann Letitia Paige went to her rest on Wednesday, July 25, in the seventy-eighth year of her age.

Mrs. Paige was the fifth direct descendant of Rev. John Cotton, the first clergyman of Boston who preached in the historic King's Chapel. Her grandfather, Rev. Samuel Cotton of Newton, Mass., was a chaplain in the army of the Revolution. She was born Jan. 11, 1823, in Claremont, N. H., where her father, Dr. John Pendence Goldwin Cotton, and was the youngest of eleven children. She was married to Squire Paige of Quechee, Vt., and went with him to that town. During the gold excitement Mr. Paige sought fortune in California, where he died. The widow moved to Hanover with her two sons, Nathanael and John C. Nathanael died in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and John, who made a national reputation for himself in the insurance business, died in Boston in 1897.

Mrs. Paige was a woman of unusual endowments. Physically strong and graceful, with an ever radiant countenance, she had the look and bearing of a queen. Tender-hearted and generous, she won a host of friends. It was evidently blessed to give. In her fine garden her sunny face was a benediction. Her flowers gave cheer to many a household.

In Mrs. Paige's ancestral religious faith was well preserved. She was devoted to church and prayer-room. Although confined to her home for the last eight or ten years, her trust and cheer grew with her afflictions. Left lonely by her losses, she found in the Scriptures and in the presence of a gracious divine Father unbroken peace and joy. Her last days were filled with happy longings for home. She rests beside her younger son in a peaceful spot in the Forest Hills Cemetery near Boston.

For Loss of Appetite

Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. W. H. HOLCOMBE, New Orleans, La., says: "It is particularly serviceable in treatment of women and children, for debility and loss of appetite."

As food is one of the most potent of the four great factors—food, air, heat and sunlight—upon which the perfect development of the human infant depends, it is the duty of every mother to select for her child that form of nourishment which has been proved to yield the greatest good. Try Mellin's Food.

GOOD REASONING—In another column of this paper a good point is scored by the Paine Furniture Company. Their reasoning on the subject of the folly of purchasing cheaply-made furniture is as sound as any utterances we have ever heard on the evils of over-economy. We urge our readers to turn to the announcement entitled Lounge Luxury, and, after reading it, we doubt if they will ever be tempted again to buy a cheaply-made lounge.

Coated Tongue

What a tell-tale the tongue is, anyway!

What a tale it tells about the stomach!

It puts on a whitish coat and says the stomach is more or less inactive from dyspepsia.

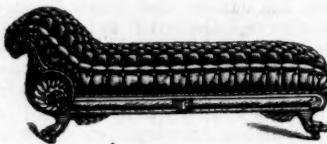
What does your tongue tell you about your stomach?

The only way to cure and prevent dyspepsia is to give vigor and tone, functional activity, to the digestive system. It is therefore cured and prevented, positively and absolutely, by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

HOOD'S PILLS cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

LOUNGE LUXURY.



other is a carriage which will not carry.

If you start in to lounge, don't fail because of a dollar extra cost. Don't withhold the final tenth and lose the other nine. Here is a lounge which is solid comfort. It can't help it, for it is made of best hair and springs throughout, close tufted, and covered with stout leather.

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In North Conway there are many places of interest, White Horse Ledge being one of the first to attract one's attention. Thompson's Falls, hidden away in the great forests, is a most beautiful waterfall, and, like Artist's Brook and Artist's Falls, is delightfully picturesque.

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